# The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

PRICE IN PARIS 60 CENTIMES

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## AMOROUS STUDENT MADE TO KISS THE LADY'S SHOE

**Outside an English Establishment in Paris.**

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NO NAME.—Terry McGovern fought his first fight in April, 1897, defeating Frank Barnes in ten rounds.

JIM FAY (Leicester).—Photo received.

JAMES REDMOND (Scotland).—Plenty of practice on the bike and strict attention to living—a small quantity of vegetables with each midday meal, which should consist of chop, steak, or cut from joint, and no more than a quart of fluid per diem—exercise in flannels, and take the cold bath if possible.

D. SUTTON.—Tom Spring was champion in 1824.

T. W. WEBSTER.—A wins both bets.

G. C.—Dornroschen's time is considered best.

J. CHESHAM.—No, his weight was only 8st 6lb.

H. YOUNG.—1. Not first-class. 2. A plater.

M. R.—The life of J. L. Sullivan was published in these pages in 1897.

C. R. HORLEY.—J. H. Tyers was born in Manchester.

J. SALTHOUSE.—The jump was made with weights.

D. MUGFORD.—He was drowned at Niagara, July 24, 1883.

W. HOLMES.—The numbers are out of print.

P. A. D.—Yes, Fitzsimmons beat him in one round at Langtry, Texas.

H. J.—Miss Glendyne and Bit of Fashion divided.

T. LEEDER.—It consists of about 2,000 members.

W. GAMBLYN.—We have no record of the skips you mention.

T. RINGWOOD.—1. Jack Broughton was champion in 1740. 2. No, Jack Slack.

TOWCESTER.—Yes, a horse named Hermit won the Two Thousand in 1854.

J. HAMLEY.—1. It was for £2,000 and the championship. 2. A draw.

G. I. T.—Bendigo won the championship by beating Caunt in 1845.

N. R.—1. He would be disqualified. 2. Eight seconds is the time allowed.

H. C. PRATER.—1. The longest glove fight was 5hr 45min, between Billy Maber, of California, and G. Mullholland, of Australia. 2. A draw.

J. K.—1. The rule is 15 three minute rounds, or 20 of two minutes. 2. By the management.

H. T. O.—11 miles 932¼ yards.

W. T. PALMER.—The time of weighing is two o'clock.

A. DONALD.—At Wheathampstead.

G. PORTER.—Yes, A. Chase has covered 33 miles 712 yards in the hour.

GEORGE BROWN (Dumbarton).—1. The book on fencing you mention was by Corporal-Major Waite. Ward and Co., Fleet Street, publishers, would be the best place to inquire for the book you mention. 2. Jem Mace's attitude, left leg and left arm in front, is the correct one. Jem Mace has a book on boxing. Write him at the Black Lion, Cowshill Street, Birmingham.

A. C.—There is no charge.

W. J. AND SETH BARNES.—Write out a plain challenge and it will be inserted.

J. MARKHAM.—At Roath, near Cardiff.

H. COLES.—The horse was scratched two days earlier.

D. F.—1. About 16ft square is a good ring. 2. Quite large enough.

R. ELDON.—Tom Sayers was born at Pimlico, Sussex, not near Westminster.

T. WOOLAND.—Lotteries are illegal, and your money would be lost.

H. LODER.—Amateurs only.

O. C.—They fought at Chantilly.

*(Several Answers crowded out).*

# BOXERS' SECONDS AND THEIR WAYS.

## NAT SMITH v. DICK LEE.

## JACK O'BRIEN v. GEORGE CHRISP.

ONCE more has a magistrate declined to take upon his shoulders the onus probandibus of trying the accused concerned in the unfortunate boxing misadventure at the N.S.C., and has committed them to take their trial at the Central Criminal Court on the charge of manslaughter, a charge which we have previous ground for supposition that the grand jury will ignore. We should like to call attention to boxing seconds and their ways. We declare that with very few exceptions we know of no one worthy to be denominated with the name of second—that is, as we understand the term. If most of these seconds really knew their business there would be less casualties. A second having his man under his eye, did he have any real experience of humanity, should be able at once to see whether his man is in a fit condition to send up to the scratch. The second is in a far better position than the referee to note any sign of collapse on the part of his principal, and throw up the sponge on his behalf. The seconds of the prize ring were often failures in the inner circle, but they knew their work, and hence the few casualties which have taken place in the prize ring. Now, when at one bound some previous nobody becomes a somebody in modern boxing he is at once invested with the sponge and towel and becomes a corner man. What can such a youth know of the true principles of seconding? His knowledge usually culminates in flipping a towel and dabbing his man's face with the sponge, sometimes making him almost vomit by dipping the sponge in a blood-stained bowl and putting it, by way of a refresher, into the unfortunate boxer's mouth. Sometimes, and not too seldom (outside the N.S.C.), the champion "nine stunner," or whatever his weight may be, defies the authority of the referee, and with many sanguinary expletives wishes to know who the Helefant and Castle he is, and whether he knows who he (the champion nine stunner) is. The first thing that Master Champion does when the gloves are thrown into the arena, after he has been fanning his man with the towel quite five minutes before it is necessary, is to carefully massage the padding from the glove, that portion covering the knuckles, the very thing that should be disallowed. Once we saw a professional boxing promoter watching one of these champion seconds manipulating the glove in the aforesaid manner, and when he (the second) had completed his operations the promoter, who was wise in his generation, threw the manipulated gloves to the other side, much to the disgust of the manipulator. We were once present at Lambeth School-of-Arms when two feather-weight champions were boxing. We saw in round thirteen what the man's second did not see—that his principal was leg-weary and completely used up, for prior to the fourteenth round they offered 6 to 4 on the (to us) beaten man. Sure enough, he suddenly collapsed and went down in a dead faint in the fourteenth, fortunately falling in time to avoid a swinging right-handed punch. We are sure that had this punch reached home before the man collapsed, utterly used up, there would have been another sensational heading for the daily and evening papers, "Death of a boxer." The scribes of the sporting newspapers, whose minds were more exercised in making copy than in looking at the contest, asserted that the fallen boxer had been knocked out, but we who *had* been observing the contest, and seen no blow struck, interviewed the winner in his dressing-room, when he declared that he had never hit his man. In order to show that we do not speak without our book the names of these contestants are (they are still alive) Dave Burke (brother to Jack Burke), who made such a game fight with Ted Pritchard at the Imperial Theatre, and Bill Reader, who challenged Jem Carney, who found a substitute for himself to fight for the light-weight championship in the person of Harry Overton, an ex-amateur who once on a time beat Professor Newton, then of Waltham Abbey, but now of Birmingham.

Arthur Locke, one of the seconds of "Billy Smith," remarked to us that he (Smith) was talking during the whole of his visits to his corner. That excitement will cause death as sure as a pistol bullet or blow we have an exemplification in the story of "Charles O'Malley," by Charles Lever. The hero, Charles O'Malley, has to meet a renowned duellist, Captain Trevellian. The professional duellist falls dead, and when his shirt was torn open it disclosed a vest of chain mail armour, fitting close to the skin, and completely pistol-proof. "It was true no wound had pierced him—the pistol bullet was found within his clothes. Some tremendous conflict of the spirit within had snapped the cords of life and the strong man had perished in his agony." Thus writes Lever of this noted duellist, and who knows that some such similar excitement from a totally different cause may have caused the death of "Billy Smith." There is another Smith who appears to be extremely unfortunate. After going through all the formalities of coroner's inquest, police-court proceedings, &c., Nat is acquitted of participation in the death of an opponent. Now Natty wound up to concert pitch, expected to meet the ex-amateur, Dick Lee, when, lo and behold, another death takes place in this unfortunate boxing arena, and Natty Smith's encounter with Dicky Lee has to be adjourned *sine die*. Thus deaths at the N.S.C. have rendered Natty Smith, the teacher of the Kensington B.C., doubly unfortunate. In one case he loses a life—his opponent's—and in another case he loses his match, for under existing circumstances there is no knowing when Dicky Lee may meet Natty Smith. Four deaths at the N.S.C. may seem to the uninitiated a tremendous bill when spread over ten years, and may call forth an inquiry by some milk and water member—certainly not a muscular Christian—from the Home Secretary; but contrast in that same period the number of deaths, maimings, &c., in the football field, where the native villager supposed to represent the team has not an existence, and where the controlling force is made up of paid foreign mercenaries. If a big, strong Hotspur charges a small member of an opposing team and death is the result, where are the letters to the papers calling for the suppression of football? Where the appeals to the Home Secretary or the committal for trial with attendant expenses, after the coroner's jury have brought in a verdict of accidental death? It is a case with boxing, as against other more fashionable sports, of "Hit him hard, he has no friends," and in their zeal the opponents of boxing forget the first principles of fair play, and "Hit a fellow when he is down."

Jack O'Brien has now made a match with George Chrisp on terms which should be very favourable to George, providing he can stand up against Jack for twenty rounds. This is certainly a very foolish way of doing business, for Chrisp has only to creep, crawl, or make the best use of the ring for twenty rounds, and as long as he remains upon his legs at the end of the stipulated period Chrisp is the victor. Jem Smith was by no means a champion, yet he undertook to stop Chrisp in ten rounds. Had it ever come to a fight Smith could have whopped George Chrisp in one round of three minutes, but Chrisp was not taking any Smith, and having made the best use of the ring for ten rounds managed to capture the stake money. O'Brien has twenty rounds in which to do this; and the question arises, will he be more fortunate than Jem Smith? How few Jem Maces there are at the present time in the modern boxing world is shown by the inability of the modern boxer to corner a man whom he stipulates to vanquish in a certain number of rounds. Jem Mace could hit hard with either right or left, and when he had weaved Joe Goss into a corner in the historical sixteen-foot ring Joe thought to escape by popping out to the right, when bang came Jem's left on Joe's jaw, and subsequent proceedings, as far as Joe Goss was concerned, troubled him no more.

**SANDOW IS DRAWING LARGE** crowds at the Canterbury; he varies his turn nightly, and always contributes a perfect show.

**CHARLES HAWTREY IS GOING** strong at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in Anstey's play, "The Man from Blankley's." The piece has been cut and plays much closer than on the opening night.

# MADEMOISELLE FLEURY.

**The Magnetic Lady Who Intends to Tour Through England.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

MADEMOISELLE FLEURY, the magnetic lady, is spoken of as the ninth wonder of the world. How she became possessed of this wonderful power science has not yet been able to explain. The qualities were first apparent in her humble home in the South of France, and caused curious manifestations in the household: bells would ring at her approach, and steel objects were visibly affected when placed in contact with her person. Shocks, accompanied with a bright spark, would sometimes occur if she shook hands with responsive individuals, the works of a clock would no longer act if it remained in her presence, and for the last three years the power possessed by this astonishing lady seems in no way impaired. The different seasons have their effect, for between the months of August and September it is no easy matter to escape her influence, and on no account could she travel on board ship at this time lest she affected the compass, which would certainly deviate the course taken and thus wreck the vessel. She now wears upon her hands a beautiful pair of glass gloves, which are flexible, and her feet are also encased in slippers made in the same way as a protective aid. She enjoys the best of health, and her charming manner begets her many friends. Her wish is to tour through England, where she hopes to arrive shortly.

# THE PAINLESS MAN SUBMITS TO BLOWS FROM THE COMPANY.

**A Native of Manitoba Who Will Enter The Ring.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

THE latest addition to the human race is the painless man, not he who has needles stuck through his cheeks or flesh, but one who will undergo the thumbscrew rack or any kind of torture without flinching. He was discovered in Manitoba, where at a small saloon he used to exhibit his stamina by allowing several of the company to strike him on the chest or body. Being stripped to the buff each in turn would punch him to their heart's content, while the man with his arms behind his back would receive their blows. The man, whose name is William Newmer, is a native of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and intends to enter the arena and give the scrappers a chance to knock him out.

# THEY MET WITH AN UNEXPECTED RECEPTION,

**In which Eggs and Other Disagreeable Articles were showered Upon Them.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

GIVING their townsmen and neighbours a taste of their qualities as musicians did not meet with success, and the nigger minstrel troupe, who for the first time appeared in public, had to hastily evacuate the building, their exit being accelerated with a shower of eggs, which made the atmosphere somewhat unpleasant. The hen fruit having been probably kept for the occasion, and being quite useless for the table, came in handy for the purpose mentioned.

# "KID" JOHNSON,

**A Clever Lad From Boston, U.S.A., Open to Meet Any 10st Man in England.**

*(With Portrait.)*

THE following is part of "Kid" Johnson's record:—Knocked out Jack Cannon, Chicago, 6rds; beat Alle Camiskey in 3rds, Lenox A.C., New York; beat Young Parker, New Hampshire, 4rds; lost decision to "Spike" Sullivan, Boston, 6rds; beat Jem Ryan, Boston, 3rds; draw Jem Riley, 4rds; knocked out Jem Ryan, 4rds; beat Bill Fitzpatrick, St. John, N.B., 10rds; beat Fred McCarty, 10rds, St. John; beat Dave Byres 3rds, Boston; knocked out Martin Claugherty, Boston, in 3rds.

# VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Bert A. Dorman (Boston, U.S.A.).
Frank Lowry.
Sammy Kelly (New York).
Harry Harris (Chicago).
George Hazell (old time ped.).
Frank Howard.
Mr. J. F. Willets.
Professor A. J. Newton (Barnsbury B.C.).
Harry Wright (boxing promoter).
Mrs. H. Wright.
Albert Pearce (blind boxer).
Alf Slater ("Old Skiddy").
Johnny Hughes.
Jack Fairclough.
J. Harper.
S. Harper.
J. Merris.
T. Stevens.
Pat Daly.

## AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

New York, April 27, 1901.

The Editor Mirror of Life, London.

If Gus Ruhlin and Jim Jeffries fail to agree to fight at San Francisco next July, an attempt will be made to have the pair have it out in private. George Dixon's nigger pugilists' manager made the announcement yesterday that he is in a position to give a purse of $10,000 if the men will consent to battle "on the quiet." He adds that he has several wealthy and influential men behind him who are prepared to put up the cash as soon as the two heavy-weights signify their intention of accepting. He also is willing to post a forfeit of four figures as additional proof that he means business. It is not considered likely that this offer will be accepted, as the sports doubt whether he could pull such an important match off without interference.

At Elkwood, Ind., the twenty rounds boxing bout before the Coliseum Athletic Association here between Eddie Burns, of Detroit, and Australian Billy Edwards, of New York, was won by Edwards in the second round. Edwards landed a terrific right on Burns's wind, and he went to the floor. He made an attempt to rise, but was counted out.

Articles of agreement were signed yesterday for a twenty rounds fight between Patsy Sweeney, of Ireland, and George McFadden, the local light-weight. The two are to meet at the National Athletic Club, in Waterbury, Conn., on May 10. The encounter is to be at 135lb. Sweeney and McFadden met once at the Broadway Athletic Club, and McFadden won.

At Memphis, Tenn., Bennie Yanger, the "Tipton Slasher," of Chicago, and Johnnie Richie, of St. Louis, fought twenty rounds to a draw at the Phœnix Athletic Club last night. The fight, it was announced, was for the 122lb championship of the world.

At Lowell, Mass., Billy Gardner, brother of George Gardner, who defeated the "Coffee Cooler," outclassed Tommy Sullivan before the Knickerbocker Club. Sullivan's seconds threw up the sponge in the eleventh round of a twenty rounds go.

At Rat Portage, Ontario, April 23, Jake Gaudaur, the champion oarsman, offers to row any man in the world for the championship and a bet of $2,500 a-side, three miles with a turn, at Rat Portage, between August 16 and 20, Towns, the Englishman, or Rumohr preferred.

Edward Hanlan, who, it is said, has not handled an oar since shortly after Hendrick Hudson steered his fleet up the river bearing his name, is one who thinks the University of Pennsylvania's crew has no chance whatever to win the Henley Regatta. His theories are logical, too, and it seems that only defeat is in store for the Quakers. There is more than one reason advanced by the Columbia coach, but the principal one is that the American crew will be made up entirely of college boys, averaging not more than twenty years of age, while the Englishmen will average at least thirty years. The latter, Hanlan says, are well matured in growth and strength, and this leaves no chance for the Yankees. Columbia's coach is loyal to his country, however, and hopes time will prove him wrong in his prediction.

THE TATTLER.

## OUR LETTER BOX.

The following letters are now lying at The Mirror of Life office, and will be forwarded on receipt of stamped addressed envelope:—

P. Earl.
Jem Mace.
Willie Curley.
John Bell.
Tom Burrows.
Jimmy Davies.
"Spike" Robson.
Jimmy Davenport (Boston).
Frank Craig ("Coffee Cooler").
Frank Lowry.
Bobby Dobbs (America) (three).
Joe Gans (two).
Jim Corbett (New York).
George Slark.
A. McDonald.
Billy Ross (two).
P. I. Newell.
Claude Thompson.
Jim Hall (Australia).
Charles Connolly.
Frank Leon (two).
Jim Holloway (South Africa).
"Greek" George.
Ernie Greaves.
Bob Fitzsimmons (three) (America).
T. Naish.
H. Chance Newton.
Harry Hughes.

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## WIDOW OF HEENAN TALKS OF OLD CHAMPION.

MRS. JOHN C. HEENAN.
(As she appeared in 1857.)

**(Special Report.)**

**DETROIT, MICHIGAN.** — Sara Stevens, widow of John C. Heenan, the old-time champion pugilist, who fought Tom Sayers, has been playing here with the "Way Down East" company. She went on the stage in 1857, and is now sixty years old. For many years she has made her home in California. In the course of an interesting talk about her famous husband, Mrs. Heenan said: "I first met John C. Heenan in Laura Keene's theatre, then on Broadway, New York. I was appearing in an Extravaganza called 'The Seven Daughters of the Devil.' This was the latter part of 1861, and he had just returned to America after his meeting with Tom Sayers. I was greatly interested in that international event, and my curiosity was aroused when he was pointed out to me. Well, when we were introduced I guess it was a case of love at first sight. He was a tall, handsome man, with reddish brown hair and a face that fairly lighted up when he spoke. I'll tell who he resembled to a certain extent, and that is Jim Corbett, but my husband was better looking than Corbett—very much better looking. He had those large, grey Irish eyes that beamed on you with good nature." "What sort of a man was he in his domestic life?" "Well, as I never had a husband but him, I cannot say whether he was above or below the average man, but I guess he was fully up to the average. There is one thing certain, and that is that never a thought entered either of our heads for divorce or separation. We lived together until he died in 1873 on the Overland Express of the Central Pacific as the train was entering California. He had been hunting in Colorado, and had been caught in a shower, which brought on hemorrhages of the lungs, and it was from a hemorrhage that he died. No. I was not with him when he died. I was visiting in England at the time. I was not on the stage, for when I married Mr. Heenan he took me from the stage, and during our entire married life of eleven years and for two years after his death I did not appear in a performance. Really I don't know whether he married Ada Isaacs Menken; I don't know anything about that chapter. I don't know, neither have I any idea, as to whether he was a better man in his day than any of the modern pugilists are in this day. I suppose that line of business is progressive as well as any other, and there may be better men to-day, but in his day he was regarded as the greatest boxer in the world. Yes, Mr. Heenan has several relatives living. He has a sister in New York who has a large family of children; the girls in the family are large, handsome, just like their uncle was. He has an uncle living in Troy, and has several cousins in Philadelphia." Of Heenan's prize fights, his widow said: "Matters of that kind he kept to himself, and if I even asked him about them he would not feel pleased. He did not want me to know anything about prize fighting or take an interest in it one way or the other."

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## A PRICE ON THE HEAD OF A RENEGADE INDIAN.

**The Price Demanded at the Pistol Point.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

The Indians in the reservations of the great North-West are watched by the scouts and soldiers. Even then some wild-blooded brave will break out a terror to the community, and then the governor steps in with a reward for the head of the culprit, dead or alive, and if captured the fate is a sure one, death being a certainty, for the scout finds it easier to bring in the head alone than the living man, and receives his reward. One of an opposing tribe brought in the head of a chief, on which was fixed a price, and, producing his ghastly trophy, demanded his reward, emphasising his order by pointing his pistol at the sheriff's clerk.

## PLUCKY WOMAN WHO DEFENDS HER HOME.

**The Boer Raiders get a Check in Cape Colony.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

The Boers who recently raided Cape Colony have come off second best, and probably their many disasters in this quarter will show them the uselessness of further prolonging hostilities. One little story comes to us of them making a demand and lifting anything serviceable to themselves from the loyalists here. On this particular occasion their reckonings were at fault. A brave Scotch woman, in the absence of her husband, routed the party, firing several shots at the intruders, who eventually left her unmolested.

## AMOROUS STUDENT MADE TO KISS THE LADY'S SHOE.

**Outside an English Establishment in Paris.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

A young lady moving in the best society in Paris has been subjected to the unwelcome attentions of a young student named M. Fouvielle, and so distasteful did this become that complaints to her family led to her always being accompanied by someone when taking a walk. Last week, in company with her mother, the young man again was very much in evidence, and followed the ladies closely during their walk. This annoyed the elder lady, and madam drew a pistol, and pointing it at the head of the youth, compelled him to drop to his knees, and while in this position kiss her daughter's foot.

## AN OUTRAGE AND ROBBERY.

**A Frenchman Tortured for His Hoard of Gold.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

A man of eccentric habits, who resided in Lille, in France, named M. Blavier, was the victim of a dastardly outrage. It appears that on the night of April 27 two masked men entered his dwelling, and arousing their victim, compelled him to leave his bed. They then bound him securely to a post, and demanded his hidden wealth. Failing to get the information desired, they cruelly flogged him, and, to add to his tortures, placed a lighted candle to his feet to extort the whereabouts of his money. He was found unconscious some hours later, but there is no clue as to who were the perpetrators of this act.

## EDWARD HANLAN.

**The most Finished Sculler the World ever Produced.**

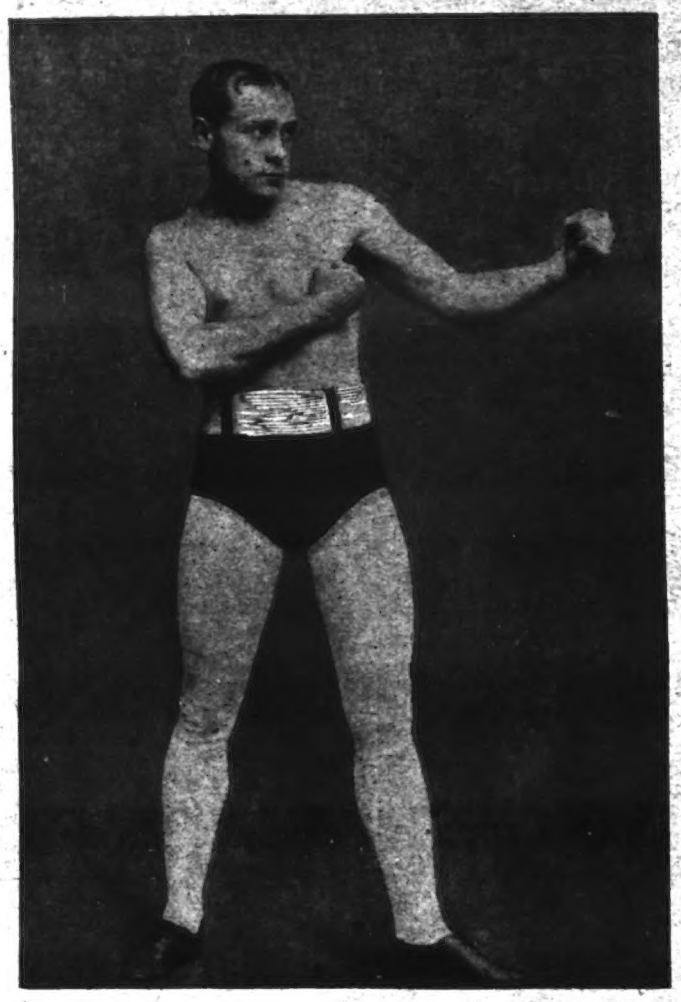
*(With Portrait.)*

Edward Hanlan's career is well-known, so that it is hardly necessary to publish a list of his aquatic performances. He was, without a doubt, the most finished sculler that ever sat in a racing shell, and, up to the time of his defeat by Bill Beach, the Australian, he was regarded as invincible. Hanlan has retired from racing, and now acts as instructor to one of the principal clubs in America.

**THE QUEEN'S (POPLAR) PRO**gramme is drawing good houses. The sketch entitled "The Red Barn" is well played by Lionel Ellis and Co. Pat Carey sings with plenty of go and vivacity; Harry Anderson is well suited with tuneful ditties; Vosper is still here, and his rapid impersonations of great men are much liked. Stebb and Trepp's turn is a merry one, and the Brothers Harrison are capital knockabouts, who introduce some clever foolery into their turns. Miss Lily Marney is another prominent turn—this clever lady carries the audience by storm, her songs suit her to perfection—the Sisters Bosanquet sing nicely and prove themselves excellent dancers, Miss Lizzie Howard wins much applause for her excellent character delineations, and the Three Castles, Miss Winnie Derson, Miss Flo Majilton, George Lupino and Co. in a sketch called "Crusoe," and many others push along the fun.

## LOST AND FOUND.

"I called in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat and wit.. a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly a. his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. he thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so?" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]



**JACK FRASER,**

**Of America, who Defeated Jemmy Davenport at Liverpool, May 2.**

**JEMMY DAVENPORT,**

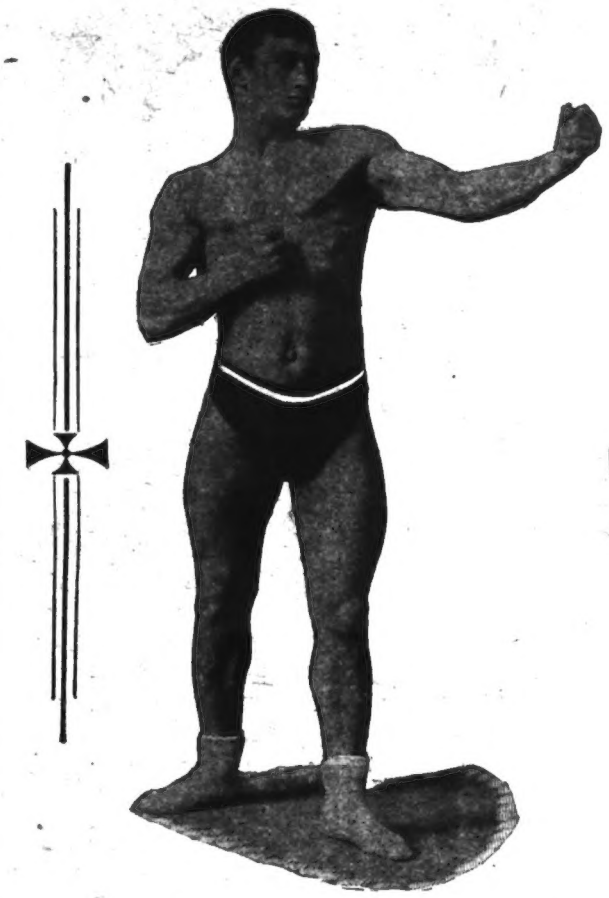
**Of Boston, U.S.A., who was Defeated by Jack Fraser at Liverpool, May 2.**

**THE PAINLESS MAN SUBMITS TO BLOWS FROM THE COMPANY.**

**A Native of Manitoba who will Enter the Ring.**

**JOE CARROLL,**

**The Famous Lancashire Græco-Roman and Catch-as-Catch-Can Wrestler, Now Appearing in London.**



**JAMES WALKER,**

**Recently of Liverpool, and Now Boxing in South Africa.**

**PLUCKY WOMAN WHO DEFENDS HER HOME.**

**The Boer Raiders Get a Check in Cape Colony.**

# WRESTLING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

## TOM CANNON AND ANTONIO PIERRI BATTLE FOR £50 AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

**AS STATED IN LAST WEEK'S** edition of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, Tom Cannon, the Græco-Roman champion and Antonio Pierri, the terrible Greek, are contesting the best of six falls for £25 a-side and the Græco-Roman championship. The records of the two men are well-known, Cannon having for years held the highest of first-class honours—that of champion. He beat the celebrated wrestler, Paul Pons, before 7,000 people at Goodison Park, Liverpool, while he threw the equally well-known Leroy at Hengler's Circus. He has also battled with success in nearly every country in Europe, and kept the honours for Englishmen during his bouts in America. He stands above 5ft 8in, and weighs about 15½st, being a perfect specimen of an athlete. The Greek is about the same weight, but stands exactly 5ft 9in, and has by his gentlemanly behaviour gained the respect and liking of all that know him. For the last twelve years he has stood in the front rank as a classic wrestler, and is as good (and probably better) as he was when wrestling at the Alhambra about nine years ago. The articles of agreement stated that they were to contest the best of six fall, one per diem, for £25 a-side and the Græco-Roman championship, and both wrestlers agreed that Joe Carroll should officiate as referee, and that gentleman admirably performed his duty. Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday the representative of THE MIRROR OF LIFE acted as M.C. and timekeeper, Wednesday and Friday Mr. Mansford acted in the elocutionistic position, while on Saturday Cannon himself was the taking oracle. The Græco-Roman or Continental style of wrestling is becoming a great attraction in all parts of the United Kingdon, and a brief mention of a few of the rules will not be out of place. 1. The men are allowed to take hold from the head and not lower than the waist. 2. No kicking or catching by the leg is allowed; and, as in all kinds of wrestling, throttling is barred. 3. The men wrestle with open hands, and are not allowed to hit, scratch each other, or clasp hands (i.e., though this last is often done). 4. Both shoulders to be fairly down at the same time to constitute a fall. Both wrestlers complained during the week, Cannon that his opponent was scratching him, while the Greek's grievance was that Cannon was using his legs as in the Lancashire style. Monday's contest was dealt with in the last edition of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, Cannon being returned the winner. A preliminary wrestling contest took place every evening, before the big contest, between Joe Carroll (champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler) and Peter Ajax (France). These two drew rounds of applause from the large bodies of spectators and their efforts met with due recognition at the close. Carroll is as perfect a specimen of a wrestler as anyone could wish to see, and he proved time after time that in his own particular style he is champion of England. Ajax is also a very clever wrestler and as strong as a young lion, while if he was at times thrown by the Englishman, the latter had to work before he succeeded in getting the award. Joe Carroll is open to wrestle any man in England, and is not particular about a few pounds if he can have a match for £100 a-side. Tuesday, after a grand contest, Pierri was returned the winner, and it appeared as if a great struggle for the honours would ensue. On Wednesday it was Cannon's turn to take the foremost position, the score being Cannon 2, Pierri 1. The hardest contest of the week took place on Thursday, each man striving his hardest, the Englishman to make defeat impossible by winning the bout, and the Terrible One to get on the road to victory. After an hour's wrestling. Referee Carroll spoke to the contestants, and they agreed to adjourn, leaving the bout undecided. On Friday a hot go was witnessed, and victory at the close rested with Cannon. A large attendance was recorded on Saturday, and Tom acted as spokesman himself, stating that the contest that evening was a consolation bout between Pierri and himself. It proved, if it was needed, consolation indeed to the Greek, who gained the fall just under 17min. Thus the six contests resulted in Cannon gaining three victories, Pierri two, with one drawn battle, Cannon thus winning the championship by seven points to five.

[Owing to great pressure on our space details of the wrestling contests at Bristol are unavoidably held over.]

**LABOUR-DAY SPORTS AT THE** Crystal Palace.—The May Day festivities at the Crystal Palace invariably attract a big crowd, but the cycle races decided on May 1 were not so well supported as on previous occasions, and the competitors failed to produce the interest usually taken in this fixture. The officials were:—Referee, J. MacDonald, L.T.C.; judges, Ben Tillett, H. Brill, E. Garritty, C. Duncan, and J. Daffern (A.A.A.); starter, Fred Jenny; timekeeper, T. G. Matthews; hon. sec., W. G. Hildersley. Details:—120 Yards Handicap.—Final heat: J. Hussey, M.R.F., 9 yards start, 1; T. H. Ellman, L.S. Compositors, 7, 2; A. E. Martin, M.R.F., 7½, 3; W. J. Snow, U.K.C., 12, 4, Won comfortably by a yard; a foot between second and third. Time, 12 4-5sec. Two-mile Cycle Handicap.—Final heat: E. O. Montgomery, M.R.F., scratch, 1; H. Abell, M.R.F., 105 yards start, 2; J. F. Parkes, Dockers', 145, 3; A. Perry, Coal Porters, 320, 4. At the bell Parkes, Abell, and Montgomery were close together, but half-way round the last lap Abell made his effort. In the final straight Montgomery shot by and won a good race by two yards; three yards between second and third. Time, 4min 49sec. 100 Yards Veterans' Handicap.—Final heat: W. E. Cooper, A.S.R.S., scratch, 1; R. W. Hilditch, Poplar L.L., 6 yards start, 2; J. Dibble, U.K.C., scratch, 3; A. J. Stevens, L.C.T.U., 5, 4, Won by two yards; a yard between second and third. Time, 13 3-5sec. One Lap Cycle Race (scratch).—Final heat: E. O. Montgomery, M.R.F., 1; W. Abell, M.R.F., 2; T. Vickery, M.R.F., 3. Won by a clear length; a wheel divided second and third. Time, 49 2-5sec. 440 Yards Flat Handicap.—Final heat: A. E. Barker, Bakers and Con., 25 yards start 1; W. J. Snow, U.K.C., 36, 2; G. W. Adkins, P.T.C., 30, 3. Won by two yards; three yards between second and third. Time, 54 2-5sec. Half-mile Cycle Handicap.—T. Vickery, M.R.F., 25 yards start, 1; J. L. Clarke, Dockers', 65, 2; J. F. Parker, Dockers', 35, 3. Won easily by a length; half a length between second and third. Time, 1min 8sec. Tug-of-War.—Final Pulls: West Kensington Coal Porters Union beat King's Cross (B) Coal Porters (C. Barrington) by two pulls to nil. Potato Race.—G. W. Adkins, 1; W. G. Hildersley, 2; T. H. Eliman, 3. Won easily. One Mile Flat Handicap.—A. E. Baker, B. and C., 105 yards start, 1; W. H. Cornelius, A.S.E., 135, 2; C. W. Cox, Tin Plate Workers, 200, 3. Baker, who was the virtual scratch man, was soon through the field of twelve, and won easily by ten yards; bad third. Time, 4min 37sec. Other minor events were also decided.

**TEDDY BAILEY, THE SQUIRE'S** secretary, bookie pard with Sam Blandford and admirer and backer of Pat Slavin and George Camp, is likely to become the new occupant of the vacant chair in the Strand. Rumour says: Presumably Romano's will shortly pass into other hands, for it is not to be supposed that the executors could carry on such a trying business. One of the candidates for acquiring possession of the Café Vaudeville is Mr. Teddy Bailey, a gentleman of considerable experience as a caterer, whose hotel at Boulogne is well-known. Mr. Bailey is very popular, and has a large following of the old patrons of Romano's, and many old pals hope that he will succeed in acquiring the business.

**A QUAINT DOCUMENT.—THE** language of the following extraordinary piece of literature appears not a little startling at first sight, and we are somewhat surprised (says "Fashion") to learn that it is only an ancient cobbler's bill of 100 years ago:—

To Mr. Bolton. Wenchley Hill. Enoch Jones.

| 1800. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|
| Nov.—Clogged up Miss ... ... ... | | 10 |
| Dec.—Mended up Miss ... ... ... | | 2 |
| Jan.—Tapped Master ... ... ... ... | | 3 |
| Mar.—Turned up, clogged, and mended the Maid ... ... ... ... | 1 | 6 |
| April.—Lined, bound, and put a piece on Madam ... ... ... ... | 4 | 6 |
| June.—Soled and tapped the Maid ... | | 8 |
| Nov.—Tapped Madam ... ... ... ... | | 3 |
| Dec.—Put a piece on Madam, stretching, and toeing little Master ... | | 5 |
| | 8 | 7 |

**A PLAGUE OF RATS.—YEARS AGO** rat-catching gave employment to scores of rat-catchers, who sold them to the keepers of rat pits; but a grandmotherly legislation made rat-killing by dogs illegal, and the rats, left alone, began to thrive, with the result that all the rat-killing terriers of the Jacko and Pincher breed are as dead as Morley's ghost. So numerous are the rats in the Metropolitan Meat Market that they have been known to devour whole carcases of sheep and beast in one night. When the plague scare was at its height at Cardiff, in the first week of February, the Health Committee offered 4d a head for rats killed in the borough. The rewards ceased on Wednesday, it being now believed that all danger from the plague is over. During the three months 8,935 rats were killed.

**"A CAT'S SINGING PARTY."**—Bob Kirby's, the Walnut Tree, Kennington, was on Friday evening crowded to excess. The occasion was a ladies' singing contest, which some years ago was a popular night's entertainment in the neighbourhood of Holborn. When the late Andy Anderson placed Jack Davis in the Thatched House Tavern, Red Lion Street, no less a personage than the Marquis of Ailesbury was a frequent patron. Many shining lights of the variety profession were often to be seen in the company, notably Miss Bessie Bellwood. Prominent racing men contributed to the prize fund and officiated as judges—but all that is past! On Friday there was a sound of revelry early in the evening, when eight attractive-looking young ladies appeared in gala attire at the Walnut Tree. The selection of songs chosen was appropriate to the occasion, and rendered in voice and manner interesting enough to create quite a furore. The entertainment could not be concluded, and in consequence the two ladies left to decide the vexed question will appear next week before their judges, which on this occasion were Dick Burge, George Le Brun, Tom Costello, Jack Harrington, James Norris, Walter Tilbury, Harry Bedford, Jack Collinson, and Harry Cooper. The management of the proceedings was personally supervised by Bob Kirby, jun. The young prodigy, Robert Mandeville, was presented with a testimonial.

**LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB.—THE** members of the L.A.C. decided their annual ten miles championship at Stamford Bridge last Wednesday evening, and in addition an entirely novel and interesting competition in the form of quarter-mile time trials. In this latter event each competitor ran the distance alone and without a pacemaker. Results:—Quarter-mile Time Trials: C. G. Davison, 52½sec; S. P. Wadson, 53 3-5sec; J. B. Densham, 54 3-5sec; C. V. Sheppard, 56 3-5sec; G. Eyre, 57 1-5sec; E. J. Wilkins, 58 1-5sec; S. Searle, 59sec; P. W. P. Tippetts, 59 2-5sec; H. M. Hilbery, 61 1-5sec. There was a sealed handicap, the starts being deducted from the actual times. In this the order was: C. G. Davison, scratch, 1; S. P. Wadson, 2-5sec start, 2; J. B. Densham, 1sec, 3; G. Eyre, 2 3-5sec, 4. Ten Miles Championship: H. G. Lloyd, 56min 46sec, 1; R. H. Watson, 59min 8sec, 2; S. W. Fowler-Dixon, 60min 6sec, 3. The holder led throughout and won by 700 yards.

**A BISHOP ON FOOTBALL.—THERE** was no doubt, said the Bishop of Wakefield in his visitation charge at Halifax, that the idolatry of football, not as a game to be played, but to be viewed, to be betted upon, and to be eternally discussed was one of the greatest distractions from serious things among large masses of our people. The nation owed a great deal to its love of manly sports and to the instincts which such sports, when fairly conducted, plant. But those who loved these noble and unselfish games were filled with grief and dismay when they saw these generous instincts sapped and vitiated by the unhealthy excitement of gambling, which now entered so largely into the life of all classes.

**BORDEAUX-PARIS CYCLE RACE.—** The annual cycle race from Bordeaux to Paris—369 miles—was won last Sunday by the French rider Lesna, the favourite, who covered the distance in 21hr 53min 40sec, winning by more than three-quarters of an hour. His time is 4min 4sec less than the time made last year by Fischer. The only English competitor, Harry Green, who started off with a lead, was afterwards very unlucky, for his tyres were punctured several times, and he himself had a bad fall, and abandoned the race.

**A GREAT INTERNATIONAL WRESTLING** tournament will shortly be held at one of the large London resorts, when £1,000 will be offered in prize money for middle and heavy-weight competitions. A large number of Continental champions have already signified their intention to compete. The styles will be both Græco-Roman and catch-as-catch-can. Further particulars will be advertised in the columns of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

**POLYTECHNIC ROWING CLUB.—** The principal race of the season, senior fours, took place on Saturday over the Kew-Barnes Bridge course. In the first heat Onion's crew beat G. Smith's by three lengths; Lea Rayner took the second from Yelland by one length; and F. Salter easily defeated Brown in the third. Final heat: T. Skeat, W. Morris, F. Mortimore, F. Onion (stroke), A. Myers (cox), 1; and C. Unschuld, M. Merriman, H. Frapwell, T. Lea Rayner (stroke), F. A. Green (cox), 2. Won by two lengths, F. Salter's crew beaten off.

**OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE V.** Yale and Harvard.—On Saturday the English universities received an official reply from America, stating the authorites in the States agree to the conditions suggested by the Englishmen, and, therefore, the meeting will take place at the Berkeley Club, New York, on September 21. A letter has also come to hand from the athletes of M'Gill and Toronto Universities suggesting a match any Saturday during September.

**SKITTLES.—ROYAL OAK HARMONIC** and Skittle Club.—After the distribution of prizes, which took place last week at the above, in connection with the skittle tournament which has been decided, a grand concert followed, and everything passed off in a most satisfactory manner. Albert Gibbs, with song, "The Kipper," decidedly scored, and Billy Brown, champion running-in skittle player, was never heard better in his songs "My Sweetheart When a Boy" and "Bridget Donoghue." Mr. J. Blakemore in his usual robust style rendered "Tom Bowling" and "Father O'Flynn." Joe McCann ably sang "Give me a Man with an Honest Heart," Mr. Lewis "The Gallant Fusiliers," Mr. Jack Rawlings, the worthy host, "Old Familiar Faces" (much appreciated), and Bob Harrington and other members also ably sang; and another interesting affair was the distribution of the prizes by Mr. Jack Rawlings, who made a most appropriate speech. The winner, Jack Glass, is an old pupil of Billy Brown, and it was indeed a good sight to witness and hear that. Brown, although defeated by only one chalk in the final of upwards of 50 of the best players in South London, paid a high compliment to Glass, to which the latter suitably replied. Messrs. Summerfield, Dobson, Jim Bird, Arthur Hill, George Payne, Charles Davis (the honourable), and others were present, including J. Tuhey, of Camberwell, who represented THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and it is worthy to mention that Mr. Arthur Langley ably occupied the chair, and that Mr. Jack Green, the president of the club, did their best in conjunction with Mr. Rawlings to contribute to a good entertainment. Other events will soon be on the tapis.

**THE TWO SHAMROCKS IN THE** Solent.—Shamrock I. and Shamrock II. measured their sailing qualities together on Monday in the water of the western channel of the Solent, with the result that a less favourable impression obtains as to the powers of the new challenger for the American Cup. The pair entered the Solent from Southampton Water about noon. Sir Thomas Lipton's steam yacht Erin accompanied the racers, which started without a gun signal to the westward, in the teeth of a moderate north-westerly wind. The Erin stopped for a mark boat, and Shamrock I. rounded her first at 1hr 17min 30sec. Shamrock II.'s time being 1hr 19min 35sec. The old yacht thus beat the new by over two minutes in a journey on the wind of about seven miles. The run back was accomplished against a westward-going tide of exceptional strength. When off Cowes the vessels were again timed, Shamrock II. having lost a few seconds in the run. The new craft did better when their heads were turned a few points for a run along the Calshot shore to the Spit lightship, where she took a shorter cut round the mark, and seemed to have a slight lead as the pair indulged in short board, and made their way down the river. It is stated that the proper test matches, when the yachts will be started by the Royal London Club, will not take place until next week. The cruise was more of the nature of an experiment than a trial. It was generally considered that Shamrock II. could easily have left her rival had those on board so desired.

**THE BOXING MISADVENTURE** at the N.S.C.—Although the coroner's jury had brought in a verdict of "Accidental death," the police-court proceedings at Bow Street in connection with the death of Murray Livingstone—otherwise Maurice Levison—at the National Sporting Club were continued last Thursday, and in the end Jack Roberts (professional pugilist), Arthur Bettinson (manager of the National Sporting Club), J. Herbert Douglas (referee), Eugene Corri (timekeeper), and William Chester, Arthur Guttridge, Arthur Locke, William Baxter, Ben Jordan, and Harry Greenfield (seconds) were committed for trial for manslaughter. Mr. Bodkin, who prosecuted on behalf of the Treasury, contended in a case of this kind, where the men fought for money, and there was every inducement to deliver a knock-out blow, and death ensued, the law regarded it as manslaughter.

**IN REPLY TO YOUNG BARRATT'S** challenge to Matt. George, of Edinburgh, a gentleman will be glad to back Matt. George to box him at 10st 4lb, any number of rounds, for any sum up to £25 a-side.

**PROFESSOR GEORGE C. CAMP-**bell wishes to thank the following gentlemen for their kindness during his recent visit to London. Mr. H. Didler, Grosvenor Hotel, Wandsworth, and Mr. Bob Skillington, Prince of Wales, Earlsfield, S.W.

**TO THE MARRIED**
AND THOSE INTENDING TO MARRY
**OF BOTH SEXES.**
Read carefully my new book, which treats Every Branch of this Delicate Question of large families with a moral check, as commended by an eminent London Physician. Send postal order, 1s., for improved edition, in sealed packet, with distinct address to the author, Mr. Wilton J. Dowse, Science Lecturer, 14, The Chase, Nottingham. A M.P. writes us:—"Book valuable, reliable, and moral. Poverty banished; comfort in homes secured." Name this paper, please.

**BENJAMIN F. BARNETT, OF THE** "New York Sun," America, has completed three new songs, which he thinks ought to prove winners. The one which is likely soon to be the rage in England is published by Joseph W. Stern, 34, East Twenty-first Street, New York. It is entitled "In Sight of the Golden Cross." It tells the quaint story of a little child, who is dying in a humble home on the East side of New York, in sight of the Golden Cross of a well-known church. The mother, watching by the bed of her little one, is praying for the life of her baby, when a doctor, unbeknown, arrives. Some neighbour kindly summoned him there. He proves to be the husband of the wife whom he had deserted several years before. The pair are re-united, but the child dies. "Go and Sin No More," published by William B. Gray and Co., 16, West Twenty-seventh Street, is a descriptive ballad. Johnny Considine, the sporting man, is the composer of the music. Mr. Barnett's other song, the "Corner Quartette," bids fair to become very popular. That the story is the real thing is evident, for Mr. Harry Von Tilzer, the noted composer of "I'd Leave my Happy Home for You," "When the Harvest Days are Over," "Her Name is Rose," "The Bird in a Gilded Cage," "Oh, Oh, Miss Phœbe!" "My Old New Hampshire Home," and twenty other exceptionally-successful songs, has put to music the words of the "Corner Quartette." The song has already been copyrighted, and will be placed on the market in a few weeks. Mr. Von Tilzer expects to visit England next season, and will sing the song himself. The song is published by Shapiro, Bernstein, and Von Tilzer, West Twenty-eighth Street, New York.

**A THOROUGHLY GOOD TURN IS** furnished by the Madcaps at the Oxford.

**MISS HARRIETT VERNON AT THE** Royal, as the Duchess of Devonshire, is a distinctly novel item in a good show.

**JOHN LAWSON CREATED MUCH** enthusiasm in "The Shield of David" at the Middlesex last week. "Humanity" is being played this week.

**A. DE BESSELL, THE LIGHTNING** clay modeller's turn at 9.10 at the London Pavilion, should not be missed—it's good.

**MISS MINNIE PALMER IS AGAIN** appearing in that delightful musical comedy "My Sweetheart," at the Standard Theatre. She looks the same dainty little "Tina," and acts and sings with the same grace and charm as she did when she first captured London with the play years ago.

**MR. JACK DE FREECE HAS DONE** away with the old method of announcing the artists, and in its place brilliantly illuminated figures to correspond with those on the programme are switched on. There is a capital programme at the London this week.

**UGO BIONDI IS APPEARING AT** the Holloway Empire this week in an entirely new quick-change act. Miss Minnie Chester and her marvellous dog, the Flo:ador Quartette, the Slater Sisters, and Captain Slingsby are also in the bill.

**THE ALHAMBRA PROGRAMME IS** all the brighter this week by the addition of La Belle Tortajada, the famous Spanish artist, in a new musical operetta, entitled "Los Contrabandistas." The play is in one act and three scenes, yet it is sufficiently comprehensive to give us a glimpse of Spanish gipsy life, of Spanish bull-fighting enthusiasm, and of Spanish joy, love, and sorrow. Consuelo, the lovely gipsy smuggler, is in love with Teprillo, the famous matador, but her rival denounces her to the authorities on the morning of a gala bull fight. She is arrested, sent to gaol, and escapes through the window, after wounding one of her jailers. On coming to the arena she listens to the wild plaudits of the crowd, which are soon followed by a pause, and the cry "He is dead." Consuelo, thereupon, resolves to die by her own hand, when she hears the death knell tolled at the neighbouring chapel. She throws away her dagger, falling upon her knees she asks for mercy, and recalls the love of her dead lover. I must not omit to mention that Les Minstrels Parisiens, Mdlle. Caita, with her marvellous cat and dog show, and the Corty Brothers are paying welcome return visits.

DAVE.

## ANECDOTES OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

NEW YORK, April 20.—John L. Sullivan told the other night how he made Sara Bernhardt faint.

"When I was in Sydney, New South Wales, I had a suite of rooms directly over Sara Bernhardt. I never met the lady and I didn't much care. She was jabbering French all the time and was rehearsing constantly in her room. I heard so much of it that I pretty near had the willies.

"One night I happened to follow Sara into Her Majesty's Theatre in Sydney and I had a good chance to size her up. She was a feather-weight, all right, and there was so much powder on her face that I thought she'd made a mistake. She got a look at me, and, because I had been so much annoyed with her jabbering, I scowled at her. Gave her the look that used to scare the dubs who tried to stay four rounds with me. Well, sir, Sara gave one long mournful howl and fainted away. After that she didn't jabber any more, for she'd found out who was living upstairs.

"Mary Anderson, a charming woman, I met once, and she said:

"'Why, Mr. Sullivan, I'd never take you to be a prize-fighter.'

"That was because she was dead innocent, and wouldn't have known a real prize-fighter from a fakir.

"When Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett were doing a double stunt I met 'em frequently. I often got the idea into my head after hearin' 'em do the trick that I could have made a corking good tragedian. I've got the right kind of a voice, that's a cinch, and I'm a success as a melodramatic actor, that's as sure as you're alive. But I should have tried the heavy parts that made Booth famous.

"I was a star of brilliancy and they appreciated me. All the latter day fighters copied me, but there ain't one of them that can act. I had 'em all beat a mile. Some day I'm going back on the stage. I'm getting tired of the saloon business and meeting so many people. It's pretty tough when fifty guys a day say to you:

"'John, if you were right you could whip them all.'

"I've met a lot of great people in my career. King Edward VII., of course, you all know, I shook hands with, and I smoked some fine cigars at his expense. That was when Edward was the Prince of Wales and a good fellow at that.

"It was in 1887 that I went up to the White House to shake hands with President Cleveland. I noticed that Mr. Cleveland was hog fat.

"'Mr. President,' says I, 'you're too fat. Why don't you come out and take a run on the road with me and then put on the gloves? That would reduce you good.'

"But Grover said he was too busy, though he agreed with what I said. I met Vice-President Hendricks several times. There was an all-right old gentleman, and don't you forget it. Every time we met, no matter where it was, Mr. Hendricks used to say:

"'John, are you still champion?'

"'That's what I am,' I replied.

"'I hope you will never be whipped,' was the usual remark, as he grasped my hand warmly.

"I have been introduced to McKinley several times. Once he and John Sherman, then Secretary of State, were on the same train with my theatrical combination. When we got to Springfield, O., there was a big crowd at the station all rubbernecking.

"'Where's John?" they yelled. "Where's John?'

"Sherman and McKinley were on the platform, their hats in their hands.

"'They're calling for me!" said the venerable Secretary of State to the President of the nation.

"'Are you sure?' asked McKinley. 'John, I think they're looking for Sullivan!'

"Just then I stuck my head out of the window, and there was no longer any doubt as to who was it. 'Hooray for John! John L. Sullivan!' That showed what a good line McKinley had on the situation.

"Roscoe Conkling was one of my particular friends. He was a lover of the manly art, and quite handy himself with the mitts.

"Then there was James G. Blaine. I met him once at the Arlington Hotel in Washington. We had a chat about politics up in Maine, and I found that he was well posted.

"I met Richard Croker a good many years ago. He's a self-made man, and deserves a lot of credit. I see where there's a lot of guys knocking him, but what does he care? He owns the town, and that's plenty to have! Ain't it?

"The nearest I ever got to Admiral Dewey was his picture, but I know Buffalo Bill well. Colonel Cody is the real article. Old P. T. Barnum was a conservative chap, but Adam Forepaugh was my friend all the time.

"When Teddy Roosevelt was a police commissioner here I called on him. He said:

"'John, I've heard of you, but I've never seen you with your hands up!'

"I told him that I was sorry he hadn't seen me when I was in my prime, and he said that he was, too. We talked about fighting, and I found that he was away up in the art of self-defence. He is a strong, powerful fellow, and I'll bet a round of drinks he can take care of himself with any man his weight in the world. I think Teddy is on the level, and that some day he'll be sitting in the White House.

"I never knew Jay Gould, but I know his son George very well. Billy Madden used to give George boxing lessons, and I frequently looked on. He's a fine, big-hearted man, and deserves all the coin he's got.

"Old General Joe Hooker was a friend of mine, also John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy. When Mr. Long was Governor of Massachusetts he had several chats with me. So did the late William E. Russell, when he was Governor of the Bay State."

## JAMES WALKER,

**Recently of Liverpool, and now Boxing in South Africa.**

*(With Portrait.)*

HIS record is as follows:—Twenty-one years of age, and stands 5ft 5½in. He first came before the public as a wrestler, and is well known in Liverpool. Has only recently taken to boxing. He has fought a six rounds draw with Johnny Whitey, of Liverpool, and won the 10st amateur championship of the Isle of Man; knocked out A. Smith, of Rock Ferry, 4rds; lost on a foul to Charley Lorne, of Liverpool; defeated Lander Bevan, 12rds: left for Cape Town, where he met Chambers, of the Imperial Yeomanry, and lost on points in 15rds; on November 12 met and defeated Sayers, an American, in 2rds of what should have been a 20rds go.

**BOXING AT HUDDERSFIELD.** — A glove contest was decided at a saloon on the Huddersfield road out from Oldham on April 29 between J. Daubney (of Oldham) and P. Dolan (of Southport). The stake was £5 a-side, and a purse of £5 being thrown in, the amount reached £15. Neither man had pretensions to high class, as scarcely anything had been heard of Dolan, whilst Daubney's claim to recognition rested entirely on his performance a few years ago against Jack Pearson, who defeated Mike Small at the National Sporting Club. Daubney, with nearly a stone and a half the better of the weight, got a victory over Pearson, whose hands went after he had administered a great amount of punishment. There was faith, however, in the Oldham lad for the contest under notice, as odds of 6 to 4 were laid on his chance. He showed that the knowledge he had gained was useful, as at the end of the first round Dolan was to all intents beaten. After a couple of minutes of the second meeting Daubney dropped him with a jaw punch, and he was counted out.

## MINDING HIS OWN BUSINESS.

**Jim McCord's Grievance Against an Interfering Train Robber.**

JIM MCCORD weighed about 110lb and had scraggly whiskers. But for all that he was as nervy as any other gambler that ever lived, and would cheerfully battle with his fists if need be to emphasise his rights. And as he was an expert boxer he seldom got much the worst of such an encounter.

Once, travelling from one country fair in Nebraska to another, Jim found himself so reduced in pocket as to make a double seat in the day coach preferable to a berth in the sleeper. He coiled up and was doing a fair job of work at sleeping when the train stopped with a jerk, seven shots rang out, and at the door of the coach appeared a rough-looking young farmer, with a bandana handkerchief covering his face, and a hand pistol shaking nervously in his head. It was a hold-up all right, and everyone in the car, with one exception, sent his hands heavenward.

McCord didn't. He was asleep.

The man with the gun worked his way down the coach, gathering valuables as he progressed until he came to McCord.

"Here! Wake up! What have you got?" the train robber demanded.

"Go on away. Don't bother me!" McCord growled.

"Give me your money," the other insisted, presenting his gun.

McCord was awake now.

"My friend," he said, "you may be a good thief, but you are a blamed poor diagnoser. Do you suppose I'd be down here, crouched like a toad in a seat, if I had money enough to ride in a Pullman? Go away!" And he dropped back to sleep again.

The train-robber was nonplussed.

"Say," he said, "I want what you've got. Shell out!"

"If you don't quit bothering me and waking me from an uneasy but valued sleep," said McCord, "you'll regret it seriously. Go away, I tell you."

The farmer looked up and down the car for an inspiration as to what to do. None came, and he again gave attention to McCord, who had by this time returned to his doze.

"I've got to have your money," he said.

McCord roused himself. "Well," he said, "I see we are bound to come to it. Now, I have not interfered with your business in this car, and it is no more than right that you should refrain from mixing in mine. My business is to get some sleep. But you introduce yourself, and we will have to settle the matter once for all."

"Biff!"

It was his fist which made the last monosyllabic remark, and in half a minute it was raining bandana handkerchiefs and revolvers and hair and old clothes, and the passengers were under the cushions. In a minute McCord had the farmer on the floor and was batting his head against the iron uprights of the seats. Several of the other passengers came forward and wanted to help tie the fellow up and take him to the next big station.

"Thanks, gentlemen," said Jim, "but I think we won't do that. I never interfere in other people's affairs. If any of you had wished to arrest this man, the time to do it was when he was negotiating directly with you, and not when he and I were trafficking. The only thing I have against him is his temporary derangement of my plans, which contemplated sleep. If we keep him on board I shall naturally feel a sort of responsibility for him, and will not be able to rest as calmly and reposefully as I wish. I am going to throw him right off here, and if any of you want to capture him—then, why, that's your affair, in which I shall not mix." And conducting the culprit to the end of the car, he evicted him into space.

Then he went back and curled up, and was in a moment blissfully asleep.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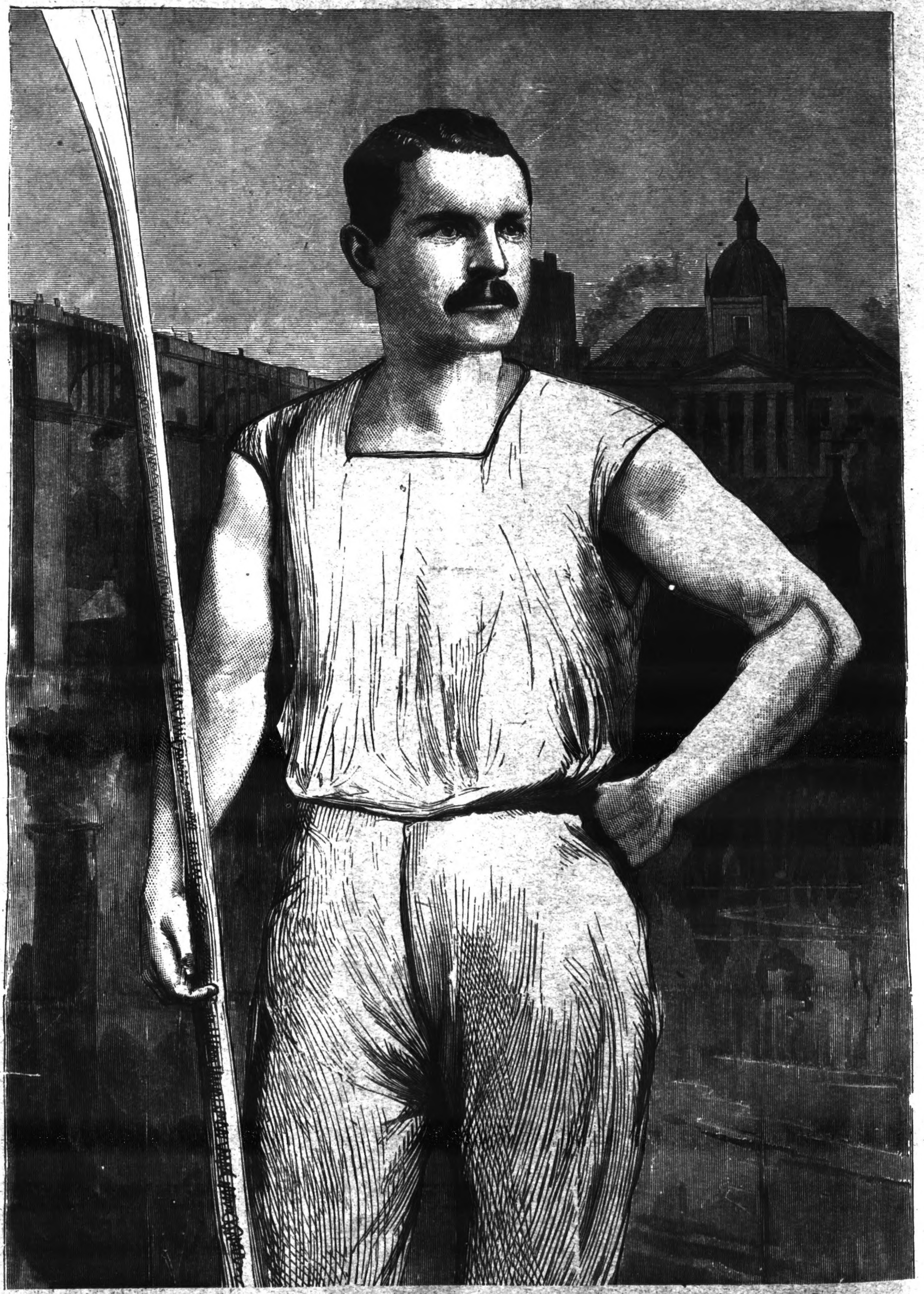

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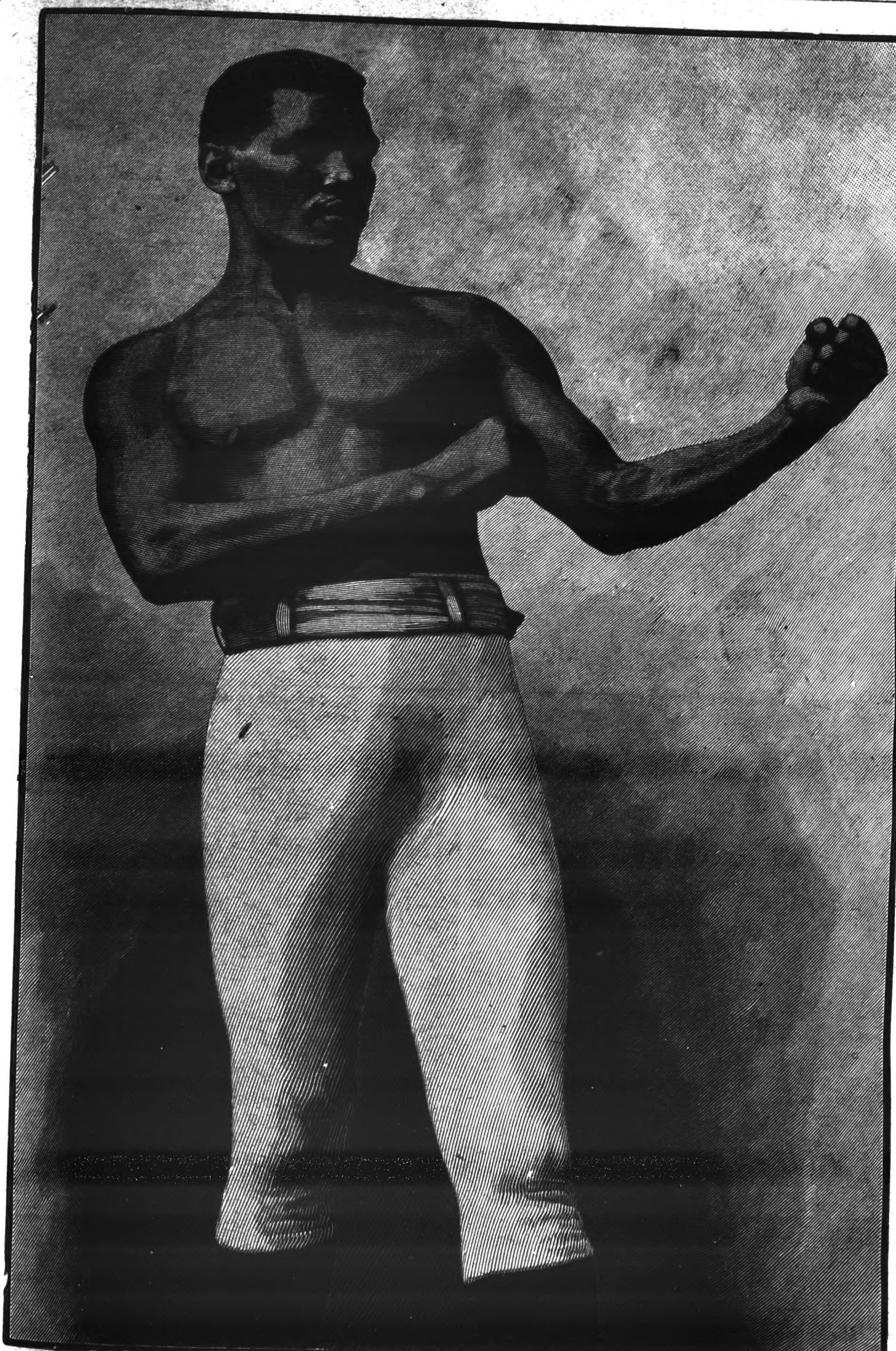


PETER JACKSON,

**The Old-Time Clever Coloured Pugilist, who is Stated to be Dying of Consumption in the Antipodes.**

## EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during May:—

MAY 9.—At the New Adelphi Club, Maiden Lane, Strand, 7st 6lb Competition, also several contests.

MAY 9.—Jack Farley's Benefit at the Foresters' Music Hall.

MAY 16.—Bill Natty's Assault of Arms at the Horns, Kennington.

MAY 20.—At Newcastle-on-Tyne, Jack O'Brien Philadelphia, U.S.A., v. George Chrisp, twenty rounds.

## BOXING AT WONDERLAND

**A WELL ARRANGED PROGRAMME** caused another of those crowded assemblages in the spacious theatre in Whitechapel Road on Saturday evening last, and Joe Smith added to his many successes of the present season. The concluding stages of the bantam-weight competition for a handsome belt were, of course, the most important items in the long programme, and with such noted talent as Stonelake, Kenrick, Owen, and Tom Hands for competitors everything favoured an exciting issue. Six Rounds Contest: Walter Aldridge (Holloway) beat Will Harding (Harringay).—The first mentioned, who was very aggressive, had decidedly the better of some heavy exchanges during the opening stage. On starting for the second time Aldridge was by far the stronger, and despite some counter hitting in the middle of the ring he eventually caused his adversary to resort to defensive tactics. Just before the round reached its stipulated distance, Harding fell very weak and the bout ended.

Six Rounds Contest: Alf Lloyd (St. Luke's) beat Nat Keyser (Spitalfields).—After sparring for an opening, they led simultaneously, and reached the face, but when at close quarters Lloyd put in a number of stiff jabs on the ribs. The second and third meetings were of a heavy character, and several belly punches caused Nat to make the most of the ring. Some fine work was witnessed at the fourth attempt. Keyser showed most cleverness, but he was not so strong as the St. Luke's youth, who finally got the upper hand, and doing best in concluding stage, gained a well-deserved victory.

Six Rounds Contest: Bill Lewis (Shoreditch) beat Jem Welch (Bethnal Green).—The former, who was in the better condition, started well by sending the left twice on the mouth without a return. Some smart exchanges ensued slightly in favour of Lewis. In the second round the last named again cut out the pace and reached the face and body several times. Welch woke up, and they then fought all over the ring to the advantage of the latter. The scoring then ruled pretty even until the end of the fourth stage, but from then until the finish Lewis more than held his own and won comfortably.

Six Rounds Contest: Joe Goodwin (Spitalfields) beat Tom Davis (Old Ford).—Both were eager to commence, but they were somewhat erratic in the initial round, and there was very little to choose in the swinging. Later Goodwin got in some telling hits, and in the third round he did plenty of execution, but in return met several nasty swinging blows on the ear. Joe generally met his rival as he came in, and after the fourth round the former held the trump card. He got home a staggering right, while another jolt on the point turned Davis round, and at the close the award went to Goodwin.

8st 4lb Belt Competition: Second series (six two-minute rounds).—Jem Kenrick (Hackney) beat Tom Hands (Vauxhall).—The last named who was a trifle the taller, did not present the same muscular development of the Hackney lad. Starting carefully, the latter made most of the ring until an opening was found, when he dashed in with both hands. Kenrick displayed most cleverness, although Tom for a time forced the business. The second round opened with some give and take exchanges, but as the bout progressed Kenrick proved himself to be slightly the better man. The fifth meeting was full of exciting incidents, and they made the best of their way. Kenrick kept scoring with the left, and having the best of it, he was returned a popular winner. Bill Stonelake (Clerkenwell) beat "Ginger" Owen (Southwark).—The last named had an advantage in height, if not in length of reach. Stonelake was the first to work, and fought cleverly with both hands. Owen used his best energies to keep on terms, and the conclusion of the initial meeting produced plenty of excitement. The second stage was fiercely contested. Stonelake drove his opponent to all parts of the ring, and scored rapidly as well as being the stronger. A couple of exciting rallies resulted slightly in favour of Owen, but eventually a collision took place. "Ginger's" head was badly cut, and notwithstanding this he fought in game fashion, but the referee very properly stopped the bout, and Stonelake was declared the winner. Final bout: Stonelake beat Kenrick.—Making the most of his extra reach, the former commenced attacking in telling style, and Kenrick was driven all over the ring. The second round was of a more even character, but in the third Stonelake again took the initiative, and after registering a number of points he swung the right on the chin. Kenrick went down heavily, and was counted out.

## MONDAY.

**A SPLENDID PROGRAMME WAS** put forward, and carried through without a hitch, the most important item being a ten rounds contest between Ray England and Frank Kitts for a stake of £25 a-side and the promoter's purse, and was productive of a most exciting struggle until the end of the third round, when the referee stopped the bout in England's favour. Another good struggle was witnessed in the semi-final heat of the 9st competition between Nat Smith and Geo. Cunningham, the former just winning. Details:—

### SIX ROUNDS CONTESTS.

"Buck" Shine (Somers Town) beat Johnny Hughes (Bloomsbury).—A well-matched pair of bantams, who set to work with a will in the opening round, without either being able to claim any advantage. Shine took a good lead in the second and third rounds. Subsequently Hughes made a game effort to stem the tide, but was always behind and well beaten on points.

Alf Payne (Mile End) beat Albert Hollins (Bethnal Green).—A mild start was made, but in the second round the lads fought fiercely, the sound of the gong coming as a welcome relief to both. Honours were easy as the result of the third meeting, a similar state of things prevailing in the fourth and fifth rounds. The final round was productive of some heavy two-handed slogging, Payne winning after a grand struggle.

Dave Baws (Rotherhithe) beat Bill Radley (Bethnal Green).—Baws had the natural advantages, and scored freely in the opening round. In the second the little man got on terms, to the delight of the crowd. He had all the best of the third, but just before the bell sounded Baws got a lucky left-hander home on the jaw, and Radley fell to the boards, where he remained until counted out.

Tom Ireland (Mile End) v. Jem Sullivan (St. George's).—Sullivan was much the bigger of the pair, and took advantage of this to force the pace, without, however, doing much damage, the Mile Ender's clever headwork enabling him to avoid punishment. Subsequently a good struggle resulted, the referee being unable to separate them at the finish, consequently a draw was declared.

### TEN ROUNDS CONTEST.

Ray England (Canning Town) beat Frank Kitts (Poplar).—From the start it was evident that business only was meant, the lads banging away right and left as soon as the order was given. England was down twice in the initial round, with his rival on top, but, despite frantic appeals for fouls from England's corner, they were ordered to box on. Another splendid struggle was witnessed in the second round, both lads fighting themselves to a standstill. Kitts was the weaker of the two upon coming up for the third meeting, and after another terrific slogging affair Kitts was badly used up when the referee stopped the bout and declared England the winner, after the hardest-hitting bout ever seen at Wonderland. This contest, we believe, arose out of a knuckle fight some time ago between the lads, and both have been wanting an opportunity to settle it in orthodox fashion.

### 9st CHAMPIONSHIP COMPETITION.

FIRST SERIES.

Geo. Cunningham (Shoreditch) beat Bert Adams (Spitalfields).—The bout was stopped half-way through the opening round.

Nat Smith (Paddington) beat Harry Fowler (Bethnal Green) half-way through the second round.

Bob Russell (Limehouse) beat Harry Spurden (Battersea) before the close of the first round.

Harry Chamberlain (Bow) beat Bill Hough (Bermondsey).—The bout was stopped in his favour half-way through the second round.

SECOND SERIES.

Smith beat Cunningham.—The first round was noticeable for some heavy two-handed exchanges, the ex-amateur champion having a trifle the best of matters. He followed up his advantage in the next two rounds, and received the award, amidst enthusiastic cheering.

Chamberlain beat Russell.—The opening round was even, but in the second Chamberlain had all the best of matters, Russell being down twice. The bout was then stopped in favour of the Bow man, despite a protest from Russell, who wanted to continue.

The final bout was postponed until a future date.

## BOXING AT NEWCASTLE.

**A BETTER SHOW THAN THAT** which was offered to his patrons on Saturday evening could not have been presented by Mr. James Lowes, of the Hexham House, Newcastle, than that at Ginnett's Circus, in that city, of which Mr. Lowes recently took the proprietorship. Mr. Lowes is nothing if he is not a caterer in that branch of sport which is his hobby—boxing—but it is not generally known that he was once a successful wrestler. Thus, he has the last-named sport in his heart, and, grieving at its decadence in the North, he is doing and intends to make it his endeavour to bring it once more to its pristine excellence. It had been his intention to give a valuable prize for a match in the Graeco-Roman style, between Tom Blaylock and W. Armstrong, but owing to an injury the latter could not take his part. In lieu of this Blaylock wrestled five falls in the old style with J. Reay, of Morpeth, and after a quintette of exciting struggles Blaylock won by three falls to two. Then an eight rounds contest was entered upon between J. McGuirk, of Gateshead, and R. Wood, of Gateshead, and after a couple of severe rounds McGuirk knocked out his townsman in the third. This was followed by a three rounds spar between Billy Gordon, of America (who is on Tyneside open to make a match), and Bob O'Neill, and they gave a fine display. Succeeding this was the final of the 8st 4lb Miners' Competition, in which M. Maloy, of Bedlington, and P. Nee, of Wrekenton, met, but in the first round Nee cried peccavi, Maloy thus receiving the verdict and a handsome silver cup. In what should have been an eight rounds contest J. Coulthard easily beat R. Dixon. In another eight-rounds contest C. Ellis beat R. Thompson in the third round. The final match and the principal of the evening was a ten rounds contest between "Darkey" Carpenter, Newcastle, and S. Johnson, of Gateshead, and from start to finish they made matters hum merrily, and at the finish the result was a draw. Jim Gibson was referee, and Sam Francis timekeeper.

**THERE WAS A GOOD ATTENDANCE** at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle, last Monday evening, to witness a glove contest between Jem Lloyd, of South Shields, and Joe Lowery, of Newcastle, who contested the best of twenty rounds, at catch-weights, for £15 a-side and a purse of £25, given by Mr. James Lowes. Both lads were in good condition, and at the start 7 to 4 was betted on Lloyd, who had a good advantage in the matter of height and reach. Lowery in the first round went to work with but one intention, and early on shook his man up with lefts in the wind and good lefts and rights on the head, but Lloyd lasted well, and scored with a nice left. Lloyd fought cleverly in the second round, and sent his man groggy, but could not deliver the knock-out, and in the next bout Lowery slung the left on to the jaw several times, Lloyd scoring beautifully towards the end of the round. In the fourth round Lloyd took a lot of punishment, but afterwards sent Lowery down three or four times with hooks on the jaw. Lowery was very game, and was on the boards for the fourth time when the gong sounded. In the fifth round he was groggy, and his blows lacked sting. He was floored again, and on resuming, though very shaky, he caused Lloyd to go to the boards. Game as anyone could possibly be, he continued to the end of the round, and standing up for the sixth bout the work was again hot. Lowery missed a left swing, and Lloyd uppercut him. A second or two later Lloyd swung in a right uppercut, and knocked a plucky opponent out. In a six rounds contest J. Carpenter gained the verdict over J. Hart after a warm set-to.

**JABEZ WHITE AND BILL CHESTER.**—Writing from the Nayland Rock Hotel, Margate, where he has been in residence since Saturday last, White states that he feels extra strong and well. Jabez is being looked after by Billy Branson, his old mentor. On Monday next inland quarters will be taken at the Cross Hotel, Kingswinford, where the finishing touches will be put on. Anthony Diamond will assist Branson with the training immediately during the two weeks prior to the match.

**WOULD WILLIAM LE NEVE AND** Norah Sullivan (Royal athletes) kindly communicate with Frank Lowry? Important.

## BOXING AT THE DRILL HALL, WOOLWICH.

**WITH THE ADVENT OF THE WARM** weather boxing and other indoor sports are generally set on one side for recreation in the bracing open air; yet it had no appreciable effect on the attendance at the spacious Drill Hall in Beresford Street, Woolwich, on Saturday last, when (by kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel E. J. Moore) Mr. J. T. Hulls was enabled to place his last fistic entertainment of the present season before his many patrons. No doubt a great portion of the company were attracted by the announcement that Ben Taylor (the "Woolwich Infant") would meet Harry Neumier (the recent conqueror of Jack Scales, who some people think capable of holding the championship of England), but Neumier was non est, and his place was taken by a well-tatooed "handyman" from H.M.S. Pembroke, Jack Owen, the latter being in training for the forth-coming heavy-weight championship of the army and navy. Details:—

Eight Rounds Contest: George Harris (Kentish Town) beat Jack Calder (Leytonstone).—A good match with nothing to choose between them until in the fifth round Calder assumed the lead, but from that point to the finish Harris was always scoring the faster of the two, and had just got home on points when time ended the bout.

Eight Rounds Contest: Mike Crawley (Limehouse) beat Willie Stone (Spitalfields).—This turned out to be another real good contest between well-known tried exponents of the noble art, but although Willie was thoroughly game, and possesses an immensity of determination, he was no match from a scoring point of view with Mike, who took a lead in the opening round, and increased it every round as they went on, finally winning very comfortably.

Eight Rounds Contest: Harry Montague (Woolwich) beat Tom Snow (Paddington).—The winner of this contest possesses a very nasty habit of unnecessary stamping his feet, thereby knocking plenty of "go" out of himself. Snow was game, plucky, and meant business, but was very slow, and lost several opportunities where he might have scored, but as it was Montague managed to stay the stipulated number of rounds out, at which time he had won, but had they further to go the result would have been different.

Eight Rounds Contest: Albert Lesurf (Stratford) beat "Ginger" Atkinson.—For the first half-dozen rounds Atkinson ran dangerously close to disqualification for persistent holding, but, on the other hand, when he could free himself Lesurf scored some telling points. In the last two rounds Atkinson materially improved in every way, but not sufficient to clear off the Stratford lad's strong lead, and the latter added another to his list of ring victories.

Six Rounds Contest: Charley Knock (Stratford) beat Jack Fairclough (St. Helens).—The representative of the Lancashire glass-blowing town was, although game as a pebble and full of most pronounced determination, no match, from a scientific point of view, for the Cockney, who used his left freely, and, aided by a good pair of feet, was able to tap-tap Fairclough when he liked, and be on the other side of the ring before the St. Helens man could retaliate. This contest also went the full distance, and ended in an easy win for Knock.

Special Six Rounds Contest: Ben Taylor (Woolwich) beat Jack Owen (H.M.S. Pembroke).—Ben looked in remarkably good condition, wearing a bright, ruddy look on his jolly-looking face, but in contrast Owen, whose back, chest, and arms were tattooed all over, looked pale, and was apparently anxious at facing such a redoubtable scrapper as Ben. Rounds 1 and 2 saw Taylor simply driving the "handy man" round and round the ring as if they were a professor giving a pupil a dressing down without the intention of inflicting hurtful punishment, and half-way through the third round Owen realised his position, and very sensibly held out his hand in token of Ben's superior ability to his own as a boxer.

Eight Rounds Contest: "Ginger" Mallett (Bermondsey) beat Joe Carter (Erith).—Up to the end of the fourth round both were genuine triers, with Carter holding a substantial lead on points, and he looked like winning easily, but the uncertainty of sport came in this case, for 1min 30sec only had gone in the fifth round when Carter was beaten, and Mallett (who acted as substitute for Ben Gray, of Bermondsey) won.

Six Rounds Contest: Harry Chamberlain (Bow) beat Patsy Haley (Deptford).—This was without doubt the best set-to of the evening, both being good and well tried game lads. Although Patsy did more hard work than Harry, he could not prevent the Bow youth from stepping in and scoring almost when he liked, despite which fact Haley stuck manfully on to the bitter end, when Chamberlain had won in a meritorious manner.

Six Rounds Contest: Ted Lee (Canning Town) beat Private Callam (Royal Marine Light Infantry).—The winner was by far the better boxer of the two, the soldier possessing a most awkward style, and at the end Lee received a well-earned verdict.

## THE NOBLE ART AT PECKHAM.

**ON MONDAY LAST THE** well-known boxer, Jack Harris, staged an assault-at-arms at the Glengall Gymnasium, Peckham, when his efforts to amuse and instruct drew a large attendance. For years Jack and his two brothers (Dan was almost at the top of the tree, and fought Jack Fitzgibbins more than once) have been exponents of the art, and none know better what the public require in the shape of fistic entertainments. Mr. Alex. Davis acted as timekeeper, while Harry Williams, the custodian of the saloon, officiated in the dual capacity of referee and master of the ceremonies. The men were seconded throughout the evening by the Brothers Alf and Bill Fielder. Details:—

TEN ROUNDS CONTEST.

Jack Gardiner (Camberwell) beat Bill Brown (Walworth).—When the pair faced each other the Camberwell youth appeared somewhat the taller. In the opening meeting, making good use of his extra reach, Gardiner forced his man all over the ring, Brown being very tired when "Time!" was called. Resuming for the second time, which proved to be the last, Gardiner gave his adversary no rest, and his opponent seeing that his chance was hopeless, gave in, and the flat went to Gardiner.

Four Rounds Trial: The Brothers Harris.—These lads, who really belong to the bantam class, gave a very excellent display, and, as usual between brothers, the exchanges were by no means of a light character.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

Dave Morbin (Walworth) v. Jem Wheeler (Bermondsey).—Both cautious in the opening meeting, during which little damage was done. Wheeler in the second passage of arms kept dashing his left on the face, and when the interval arrived possessed a slight lead. The third meeting was evenly contested, the Bermondsey man, however, always holding an advantage. From this period Morbin, boxing with all his old dash, rapidly commenced to wipe off the points his opponent had recently gained, with the result that the verdict was a draw.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

Jack Lamb (Kennington) v. Jack McQuillan (Borough).—In the first couple of rounds neither unduly exerted themselves. However, as the bout progressed, matters improved wonderfully, each boxing at a fast rate. When they left their respective corners for the sixth round Lamb appeared to have a slight lead. In the last meeting the Borough man more than held his own, and the referee at the end of a close contest declared the bout a draw.

FOUR ROUNDS CONTEST.

C. Morris (Camberwell) v. C. Mills (Camberwell).—The exchanges proved of a hurricane order, both boxing for all they were worth. Mills, in the second round, quickly had his man in trouble, and Morris appeared tired when time was announced. During the interval Morris recuperated wonderfully, and in the ensuing meeting had his man almost beaten when time was called. The last meeting was most stubbornly contested, and following a spirited contest the referee's decision was a draw.

## BOXING AT LIVERPOOL.

**LAST THURSDAY EVENING AT** Liverpool two Americans, Jem Davenport and Jack Fraser, fought at catch-weight, and Greenhalgh v. Sihoban the best of twenty 2min rounds, the exhibition boxers being Tom Spring v. Arrowsmith, Mike Flynn v. Jack Lamb, and Alf Hamy v. Bill Brixley.

Greenhalgh v. Sihoban.—This contest only lasted three rounds. Sihoban took a commanding lead in the opening one, but in the second and half-way through the third Greenhalgh's determined onslaughts gained him the verdict.

Jack Fraser v. Jem Davenport.—Both were often in holds, and, although they boxed the full number of rounds with great pertinacity, the referee awarded the verdict to Fraser.

**CONTESTS AT LEICESTER.**—There was a good attendance at the Mafeking Gymnasium, Leicester, on Wednesday, when two local youths, E. Hescock and G. Flowers, decided their fifteen two-minute rounds match at 9st (give or take 2lb) for £10 and Mr. Wickwar's purse of £5. Hescock had the advantage in height which served him well when engaged at close quarters. It was a good contest for seven rounds. Flowers then showed signs of weakness, and Hescock, taking full advantage of the situation, was an easy winner at the end of the ninth round. In a four rounds contest between Sansom and Orton, the decision was a draw, while in an eight rounds contest between Eaton and Raynes, the first-named scored very fast in the fourth round, at the end of which his opponent cried a go.

**SEEING THAT LAMB, OF ELLAND,** and Jackson, of Crewe, wish to meet again, I. H. Cullis, will give a £20 purse for fifteen 3min rounds at Chester on the Chester Cup night. An early answer will oblige.

## BOXING IN SOUTH WALES.

### HARRY WILLIAMS KNOCKS OUT "ARK" WATSON.

**ON MONDAY EVENING LAST A** most determined contest took place at the Drill Hall, Brynmawr, between Harry Williams, of Blaina, and "Ark" Watson, of Llanhilleth. Williams knocked out Watson in the sixth round of one of the gamest contests ever witnessed. The preliminary contests were between James Bainton and Tom Hoskins, Charles Evans and Nat Hardy. A full account will appear in next week's MIRROR OF LIFE.

**BOXING IN SOUTH WALES.**—A very spirited contest took place at the Drill Hall, Brynmawr, South Wales last week, when Jerry Moran faced Jem Owen. Both lads hailed from the district of our ex-champion eye'ists, the Lintons and Michael—Aberaman, Aberdare—and with such a sport-loving country it was no surprise they had a large number of followers. The men met at catch-weights, Owen had been trained by Corfield, and Moran by Dave Peters. Prior to the chief event Tom James (Aberaman) put on the gloves with Jem Arnold (Brynmawr), who was recently beaten on the same boards by Bill Griffiths (Tirphil). The contest was a pretty one, but James, who has seen better days in the ring, was easily beaten. In the chief event, Moran and Owen both looked in the pink of condition. They set to work in the first round in a sharp manner, both striking for a knock-out blow. Towards the close of the round clinching became very prevalent, and Moran, being the greater sinner in this respect, was cautioned by the referee. The men took their corners little the worse for the bout. The second round saw some heavy slinging by both men. Moran once landed, and also uppercut, but Owen was equal to the occasion, and retaliated with a swinging left. The latter by his deft movements avoided many collisions, whilst Moran stood and received the punishment. The round ended much at evens. Little advantage was gained by either of the men in the third round. It was palpable that each was playing a waiting game. Owen sharpened up in the fourth round, and although working very cautiously had his man well set. Towards the close Moran sent in some stinging blows, to which Owen did not reply, but the gong saved what threatened to be a surprising disaster. Round 5 was the last. Owen forced the work, and before it was half spent Moran was floored with a heavy blow on the head, and failing to pull himself round was counted out, a plucky contest being awarded to Owen.

**JACK O'BRIEN AND GEO. CHRISP** Matched.—There was an exceptionally big gathering of sportsmen at the Corn Exchange Hotel, Great Market, Newcastle-on-Tyne, recently, curious to witness the ratification of a match between Jack O'Brien (Philadelphia) and Geo. Chrisp (Newcastle), who has justly earned the title of England's heavy-weight champion. O'Brien, in a previous challenge to the Newcastle man, offered to wager £50 that Chrisp would not stand up for ten rounds, and £75 to £50 that he would not stand up against him for twenty rounds, and on these terms a match was made. The contest is to be of twenty three-minute rounds, at catch-weights, for the wagers mentioned, and the best purse offered, the match to take place on May 20. Both men agreed to the wearing of soft bandages at O'Brien's suggestion, but the American stipulated that the ring should be freed from sawdust and resined. Chrisp asked for a clause binding O'Brien not to box any other man in the meantime, to which the Philadelphian readily acceded.

**BENEFIT TO ALBERT PEARCE, THE** Blind Black Boxer.—"I'm but a poor blind boy!" might well have been the exclamation of Albert Pearce as he was led on Wednesday morning into the editorial sanctum of THE MIRROR OF LIFE. Albert lost his sight whilst professionally engaged. In a mill with Ted Rich, of Walworth, which took place in Paris, the Walworth man managed to land so hard and so often on one eye that it affected the other, and poor Albert eventually became hopelessly blind. One often finds strangers more sympathetic than one's own, and a Mr. Knight, of Australia, has organised a benefit concert for the "Blind Black Boxer" at Hammersmith Town Hall, which benefit will take place on May 21. Chirgwin, "the White-Eyed Kaffir" is interesting himself in case, and will not only appear himself, but will gather together a host of music-hall talent. Those who wish to benefit the boxer will find tickets for the concert on sale at THE MIRROR OF LIFE Offices, 172, Fleet Street.

**JOE HOWE, OF H.M.S. TRA**falgar, seeing that H. Pressy, of Woolwich, was winner of the 9st 4lb competition at Portsmouth on April 25, would like to box him the best of ten or fifteen rounds at 9st 4lb, if the Royal Naval Depot will give a suitable purse at the next Army and Navy Tournament. He can also have a side stake of £5 to £10.

## BOXING AT THE TEE-TO-TUM.

**THE FOLLOWING ARE THE** details:—

SIX ROUNDS CONTESTS.

Eddie Craig (America) beat Bob Deaver (Stoke Newington).—Deaver was fully a stone the heavier, but he lacked the smartness and agility of the coloured gentleman. Deaver tired in the third, and Craig, well served by his cleverness, did most of the scoring. The American continued to be more effective, thrice shaking his opponent with swinging hits on the jaw. However, the bout went the full distance, with the verdict to Craig.

Jack Mardell (Edmonton) beat Arthur Slark (Holloway).—Slark is a brother to George of that name. Mardell, a tough-looking youngster, wore a black eye. The Holloway boy relied mainly on the right, but was very erratic, and in a rush received an upper-cut in the second round that laid him low. Though dazed, he hung on pluckily till time. Though in difficulties in the last round, Slark gamely stayed till the end. He was a loser on points, but was rewarded with plenty of sympathetic applause.

Tom Gray (Stoke Newington) beat Bert Bartram (Tottenham).—Two bantam-weights, with Bartram a trifle the heavier. For three rounds the bout proceeded tamely, so much so that there were calls from the gallery. This caused a slight improvement in the fourth meeting, in which Gray easily demonstrated his superiority. Bartram boxed for all he was worth next time, but failed to keep pace with the Stoke Newington lad, who finished the business at the opening of the sixth round with a blow on the mark.

Harry Maynard (Edmonton) beat George Brown (Edmonton).—Maynard, taller and longer in the reach, led off smartly. The round closed with a fast mix-up, Brown drawing blood from a swinging hit on the mouth. Slow at the second meeting, Brown acted mainly on the defensive. He showed improved form in the opening minute of the third round, but Maynard, working him into a corner, set himself going so strongly that time alone saved his opponent from going out. Relaxing in the next encounter, Maynard got a straight drive which woke him up. The fifth saw Brown boxing pluckily but hopelessly. He took his gruelling like a true bred 'un, being, of course, well beaten.

Jim Gray (Stoke Newington) beat Jack Mack (Tottenham).—In the second round Mack forced the exchanges, but time and again the Stoke Newington man countered hard on the body, and at corners points were equal. Gray was tired in the third meeting, and Mack soon began to outpoint him with left jabs in the face. Getting a nice opening, the Stoke Newington lad put his man out—a sudden and unexpected ending.

Bill Wood (Clapton) and Bill Yates (Clapton) gave an exhibition spar, the antics of Wood creating roars of laughter. Dick Parkes (Tottenham) and Dave Brown (Kingsland) were matched to go ten rounds, but owing to the illness of Parkes's backer the contest was postponed, and in its place the couple put up three smart scientific rounds. Two boys introduced as Joe Scott's midgets boxed six rounds in lively and amusing fashion.

## "POP'S" BOXING AT THE TOWN HALL, NEWMARKET.

**BOTH IN LONDON AND THE** provinces "Pop" has gained a name as a caterer, but of late his entertainments have not turned out very profitable, but still, "Pop" says, "Never say die." His last venture was on Wednesday last at the above hall, and the night's entertainment was of the very best. The first couple to start the proceedings was Charley Ives, of Stratford, and Charley Jordan, of London, and a very hard-hitting ten rounds took place, and at the end Ives was returned the winner. The next couple to enter the ring was "Jumbo" King, of Lambeth, and Alf Leeper, of Canning Town, and one of the best fights seen at Newmarket took place, and all through the ten rounds first one and then the other took the lead, and at the end of the contest King received the verdict. A few of the sports present thought it was near enough to be a draw. The final of the evening was a ten rounds go between "Ginger" Owen, of Lambeth, and "Boss" Stevens, of Bermondsey, and a very clever couple of lads they turned out to be, for after fighting the ten rounds right through, Owen was returned the winner of a clever and hard-hitting contest. So ended a good night's sport. Mr. Tom Oxley, of Nottingham, was referee; Mr. Tom White, of Epsom, was timekeeper. Seconds: Tom Pop ("Bendigo") and C. Brigden; M.C., J. Welsh. "Pop" wishes to thank the following gentlemen for their kind support:—Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Mr. Richard Marsh, Mr. Charles Archer, Mr. Tommy Loates, Mr. Lance Logan, Mr. W. Jankins and Southall (of Birmingham), Mr. Teddy Wilson, Mr. J. McGregor, Mr. W. Sanders, Mr. Enoch, and several American jockeys and friends. "Pop" has arranged for the baths at Newmarket for a swimming handicap between the local lads only, and the following gentlemen have promised "Pop" some valuable prizes (which will be on show at THE MIRROR OF LIFE):—Mr. J. McGregor, Mr. W. Sanders, Mr. W. Allden, Mr. G. Allden, Mr. Teddy Wilson, Mr. Alf De Costa, Mr. Dick Dunn, &c. For further particulars see MIRROR OF LIFE next week.

## HARRY NEUMIER TO JACK O'BRIEN.

**HARRY NEUMIER, WHO RECENTLY** defeated Jack Scales, is open to meet any middle-weight in England for £50 a-side and best purse offered. He would like to give O'Brien, of America, the first chance, providing he will deposit a forfeit. First come first served, as Neumier only means business.

**"FATTY" HARVEY'S SPECIAL** Night.—On Monday evening "Fatty" organised a grand night's entertainment for his patrons at the Ponders End Athletic Club, Alma Road, Ponders End, and the hall was fairly filled. The chief items on the card were an 8st 10lb Competition, and the exhibition given by "Dido" Plumb and that brilliant boxer "Toff" Wall. The latter's exposition of the noble art fairly brought down the house. 8st 10lb Competition.—Bout 1: W. Brann beat Bob Nicholls.—The lads started off at a rapid pace, and it was evident the bout would be of a short duration, as after boxing a minute and forty seconds Brann, with a left-hand punch over the heart, knocked out Nicholls. Bout 2: Pat Rafferty beat Sailor Will.—Both were novices at the game, but they put up a grand display from start to finish, there being little to choose between them. The verdict went to Rafferty. Bout 3: Lal Hunt beat W. Pankhurst.—Hunt, who was conceding some half a stone in weight, at once commenced to force the pace, using his left in grand style on the nose and mouth, and in the second round he landed some thick ones, which did not suit Pankhurst, and just before the call of "Time!" Pankhurst gave in, so Hunt was declared the winner. Bout 4: Jem Coleman sparred a bye with Jem Glading. Second series.—Bout 1. Brann beat Pat Rafferty.—This was of short duration, as no sooner was "Time!" called than Brann set about his man in rare style, and with a right-hand punch on the jaw brought Pat down, and he failing to rise was counted out. Bout 2: Hunt beat Coleman.—This, like the previous bout, proved of short duration, as both meant business. In the first minute Coleman caught Hunt on the jaw, which dazed him, but facing his man in a game manner he swung his right across, which caught Coleman fair on the point, and, to the surprise of all, put him out. Final: Brann beat Hunt.—Hunt was greatly handicapped, having only a few minutes' rest after his previous bout. He went on for two rounds, when he weakened, and Brann with a punch in the stomach sent Hunt to the boards, where he lay till he was counted out. Six Rounds Contest: Tom Foster (Ponder's End) beat "Dido" Swatridge (Ponder's End).—This proved a battle royal, the boys boxing for all they were worth. Little "Dido," especially, stuck like a leech to his man till half-way through the fourth round, when Foster, with a left-hand punch, put paid to the account of the valiant little "Dido." Exhibition Boxing: Alex Coleman and Harry Brooks (good spar), "Fatty" Harvey v. Talbot Rowley, and the Brothers Gladding. The grand wind-up was between "Toff" Wall and "Dido" Plumb. As stated above this proved to be the gem of the evening. Bob Knott made an efficient M.C.

**TO-MORROW NIGHT (THURSDAY,** May 9), at Pentonville Baths, Pentonville Hill (central to Angel and King's Cross). Professor Newton, whose ambition is to uphold his old love, the true amateur who boxes purely for the sport, has arranged the following contests and competitions:—10st Novices' Competition—prize, a handsome marble timepiece, presented by J. Goldsmid, Esq. Six Rounds Trials: Mr. T. W. Smith (Barnsbury B.C., winner Belsize and Mincing Lane 11st 4lb competitions) v. Charlie Wilson (winner N.S.C. 11st 4lb competition). Six Rounds Contest: Mr. W. Bruce (Barnsbury B.C.) v. Mr. J. D. Evans (Barnsbury B.C.). Six Rounds Contest: Mr. E. Mackenzie (Barnsbury B.C.) v. Mr. L. Johnson (unattached). Six Rounds Trial: W. Moss (Bethnal Green) v. Mr. F. Martin (Barnsbury B.C.). Three Rounds Trial: Mr. C. Collins (N.L.S. of P.C.) v. Mr. H. Stapleton (N.L.S. of P.C.). Special Eight Rounds Contest: Mr. A. Young (Barnsbury B.C.) v. Mr. H. Crow (Woolwich Polytechnic). Professional Contest (eight rounds): Harry Abrams (Wonderland) v. J. Tierman (Clerkenwell). Special Exhibition Boxing: Jack Roberts, (9st champion), v. Ted Mortimer (Clare Market). Reserves, the following champions: Bill Stonelake, Joe Barrett, Alf Lloyd, Jack Doolan, Bill Dare, G. Cooper, Joe Parker. M.C., Frank Howard, Esq. Timekeepers, Messrs. A. V. Mears, G. Birken, F. Dennis, and W. W. Smith. Judges, Messrs. E. W. Tidd, W. A. Mears, and W. J. Chandlers. Doors open 7.30, commence at 8. Admission 1s., 2s. 6d., reserved 5s. All professionals engaged. No free list.

(*Continued on page* 14.)

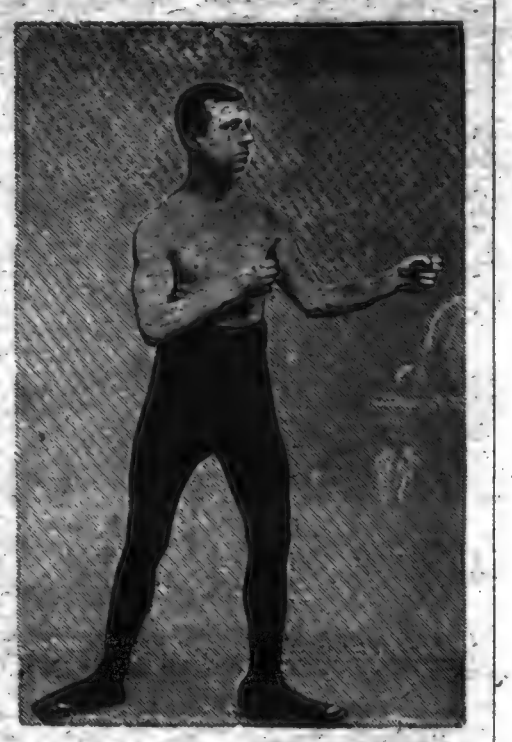
THE LATE BILLY SMITH AND HIS TRAINER, BILL CHESTER.

"KID" JOHNSON,

A Clever Lad from Boston, U.S.A., Open to Meet any 10st Man in England.

THEY MET WITH AN UNEXPECTED RECEPTION,

In which Eggs and Other Disagreeable Articles were Showered Upon Them

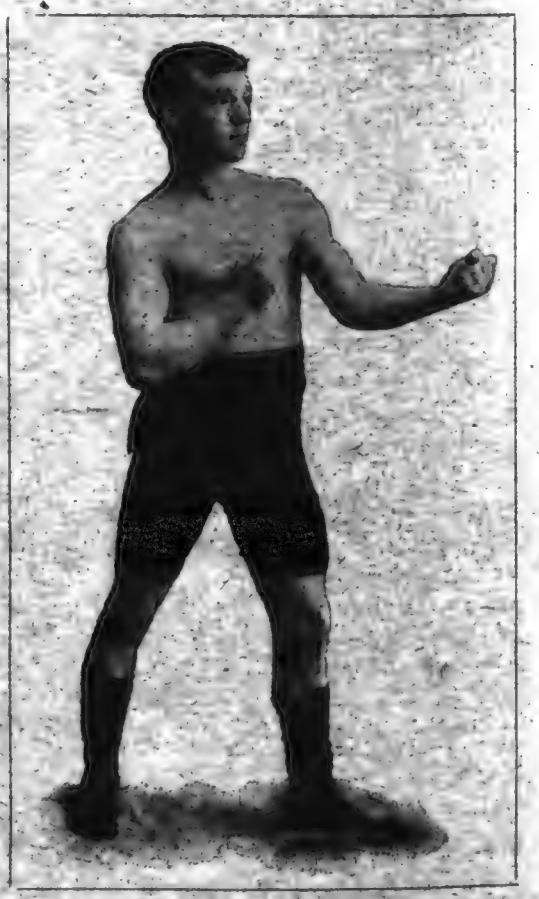


JACK GUYON,

Now Matched to Meet Ernest Goodwin.

AN OUTRAGE AND ROBBERY.

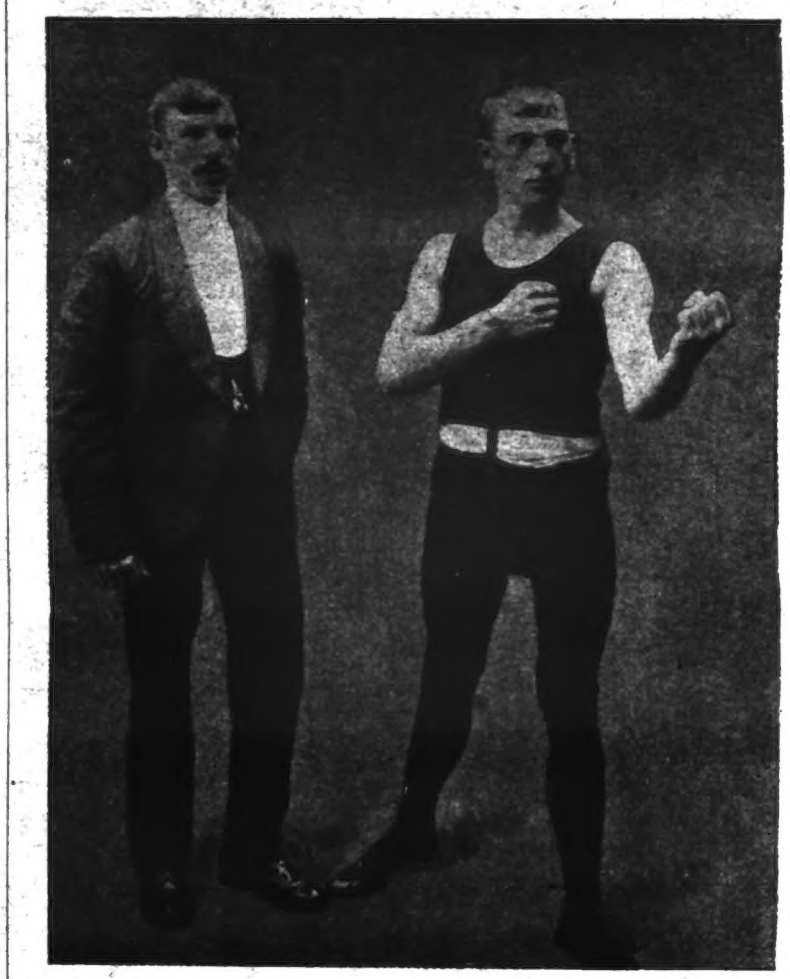
A Frenchman Tortured for his Hoard of Gold.



TEDDY MOORE,

A Smart Little Bantam in the 8st Division.

**MDLLE. FLEURY,**
**The Magnetic Lady who Intends to Tour Through England.**



**ERNIE PLUMMER,**
**The Celebrated Ball-Puncher, and his Manager.**

**A PRICE ON THE HEAD OF A RENEGADE INDIAN.**
**The Price Demanded at the Pistol Point.**

(*Continued from Page 11.*)

## HARRY MANSFIELD DEFEATS FRANK BRIERLEY.

**IT IS NOT OFTEN THAT A BOXING** pavilion attracts such an audience as that which thronged Professor Cullis's show at Birkenhead last week. The whole of the Liverpool Corinthians and those of the city of the future were there to an "odd one." The management was superb, and the order of the vast concourse of people irreproachable. The boxing was most enjoyable, the promoter's edict—no fight, no purse—being carried out to the letter. The exhibition bouts had a monetary attraction; hence the evening's entertainment was fraught with success. The ten 2min rounds between Jackson, of Crewe, and Jack Lamb, of Halifax, terminated in favour of Lamb, after travelling five rounds, the award being in favour of Lamb. The event of the evening, however, was the meeting between Harry Mansfield, of Bristol, and Frank Brierley, of Liverpool, for a purse and a side wager of £25 a-side, catch weight, 6oz. gloves, fifteen 2 min. rounds. The difference in both height and weight was most pronounced, the Bristolian conceding inches and nearly stones weight. Both boxers had a strong following, and favouritism was certainly on the side of the local man. On facing each other in the first round little time was wasted in sparring, when Brierley made his well-known "rush and clinch," but Mansfield was on the alert, and adminstered some very severe body punches, and had much the best of the exchanges after breaking away, time being a welcome relief to Brierley. In the second and throughout the succeeding six and a portion of the seventh rounds Mansfield did almost as he liked with the quondam champion, though it must be admitted he was ofttimes merciful to his fallen foe. About midway through the seventh round Mr. Tom Gamble stopped hostilities, and awarded the contest to Mansfield. The greatest order prevailed throughout the evening.

## BOXING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

### BOXERS KILLING THE GOOSE WHICH LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS.

**AT SCOTT'S THEATRE, CAPE** Town, on a recent Saturday night, besides other boxing, which ended ere it had well begun, was a fiasco between Jack Hall, of Australia, and Joe Livesley, of local fame, who were down to contest the best of twenty-five rounds. Livesley looked as if he had trained a trifle too fine. Hall was on the other hand very "beefy." His weight was given out as 10st 10lb, while Livesley was declared to have a 2lb advantage. Mr Jacob Crowe was referee, and Mr. Hyman timekeeper. About 9.20 the combatants left their corners and faced each other in the centre of the ring. Light exchanges were the order in the first round, and nothing serious was attempted, and no damage was done. Round 2 was more noteworthy, for on four occasions Livesley went on his hands and knees. When the two did punch in grim earnest, the audience declined to regard it seriously. Round No. 4 was a replica of the third, and the ironical laughter and jeers of the onlookers were the most interesting part of the proceedings. On the two coming up for the fifth time there were cries of "Fall down, Joe," and "It's your turn, Jack," the round being contested in an easy go-as-you-please style—not an ounce of damage being done, except by accident. Round 6 saw the miserable business terminated. Both men warmed to their work; at the outset, Hall fell down. He rose only to be floored again. A third time he regained his feet, and Livesley pushed him all over the ring and finally sent him to the boards once more, and the referee declared Livesley the winner, and thus ended one of the most unsatisfactory displays ever witnessed in the city, and one, it is to be hoped, the promoters will not dare to repeat.

**PROFESSOR NEWTON'S ASSAULT-at-Arms.**—Professor Newton is now giving a boxing show which is unique in its character. To-morrow evening, May 9, three boxing amateur champions, entirely taught by Professor Newton, are willing to box any other amateur at their respective weights. Mr. A. Young is matched with Mr. Crowe, of the Woolwich Polytechnic, and a first-class contest of eight rounds is anticipated. The prize will be a large gold medal. Mr. Mackenzie, of the Barnsbury B.C., 9st 6lb, will meet Mr. Lew Johnson (unattached), six rounds. Mr. T. W. Smith, of the B.B.C., is open to box the best middle-weight Professor Newton brings forward on the night (to-morrow, Thursday). C. Moss (Bethnal Green) will box Mr. Martin, of the B.B.C, six rounds.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W. GOODBOURN,
BROOKSIDE VILLA, GRANGE ST., HULL


## CONTESTS AT NORTHAMPTON.

### A CHAMPIONSHIP SOON DECIDED.

**THERE IS NOTHING MORE** attractive to Northampton sports than a good boxing contest. Trade may be slack, and money may be scarce, but the wherewithal is always forthcoming if there is the least prospect of a good show. Northampton has produced a Joe Goss in ancient pugilism and a Pearson, alias "Rough 'Un," who fought "Toff" Wall and the late Jem Young, in modern boxing. Although the shows at Northampton have been more numerous than usual of late, the one promoted by Harry Ware, and held at the Corn Exchange early last week, was well attended. The huge hall was packed and the greatest interest centred in the proceedings. The one item of the evening was the twenty rounds contest for £35 a-side and a purse of £12 10s., between Will Reynolds and W. Monk, a couple of boxers well known in the town. The match was made at a previous contest, the conditions being that the men agree to box under 12st for the heavy-weight championship of the county and the above stake. The friends of either were sanguine to a degree, but the contest itself was of short duration, for Monk beat his man in 1min 30sec. Monk had the advantage of 6lb in weight—he looked to have a stone—and stepped into the ring trained to the hour. His opponent had the appearance of being a trifle too fine, although those responsible for his appearance think differently. Monk has no pretensions to playing a scientific game. He depends upon his strength, and this served him, for getting his right bang under the jaw of Reynolds, the last-named fell like a log, and was counted out. He never looked like recovering, and thus ended what was looked forward to as one of the contests of the season in an exceptionally brief space of time. In a series of six rounds contests Walter Jeyes beat Will Sherwin, Ted Pike (London) beat W. Cooke (Northampton) on points, and W. Burnand (Northampton) got the verdict over C. Exall (London). This latter contest ended in a sensational manner. The men were half-way through the fourth round, when Exall turned round to appeal to the referee for, we suppose, an alleged foul. Taking advantage of the opening, Burnand slung his right bang on the face of the Londoner, who fell, and remained there until counted out. A lot of booing followed this, the majority being of opinion that Burnand took a mean advantage of his opponent. In a ten rounds contest between F. Smeathers (Northampton) and Harry Smith (Leicester and Northampton), who recently appeared at the N.S.C., an unsatisfactory bout was given as a draw.

### CONTESTS AT WEST HARTLEPOOL

There was a large attendance at the West Hartlepool Circus last Saturday night to witness a programme of boxing events submitted by the local club. Tom Boylen and Charlie McKendrick provided the most popular event, their eight rounds proving a tough battle. In the end McKendrick was given the palm on points. R. Clark beat "Kid" M'Coy in the second round of a six rounds contest, and W. Gascoigne easily disposed of R. Ramsey in a similar event. Another eight rounds contest between J. McKendrick and Evans went for two rounds, but the latter was scarcely a match for his opponent, and the referee stopped the contest, declaring McKendrick the winner. Waggel (Newcastle) and Patton (Shields) Kane (Jarrow) and Dan Angus (South Shields), and the West Hartlepool Midgets gave exhibition spars.

**J. LAMB, OF ELLAND, YORKSHIRE,** seeing that Jackson, of Crewe, is dissatisfied with the decision at Professor Cullis's show last Monday night, will box him again at Chester Races for £25 a-side, fifteen or twenty 3min rounds, with 4oz gloves, and Professor Cullis's purse. An early answer will oblige.

**DICK BROWN, OF TOTTENHAM,** will box Ben Corby, "Chips," or "Starlight," of Aldgate, any number of rounds if Harry Wright will give a purse, or any other lad about 6st 6lb can be accommodated.

**ALF CAMPBELL, OF THE ROYAL** Scots Fusiliers, will box any lad in the Glasgow garrison ten or fifteen rounds, at 10st 6lb, for the best purse offered and a side bet on the result.

**IN REPLY TO YOUNG EDWARDS,** I, Jemmy Holloway, will be pleased to box him if any club in Liverpool will give a trophy. Please meet me in Dale Street at 8.30 on Thursday night. Business only meant.


## Photographs of Prominent Pugilists

**SUITABLE FOR FRAMING.**

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**BENDIGO, THE PUGILIST, AND HIS** conversion.—As most persons are aware, Bendigo before his death was converted, and preached the Gospel in London near King's Cross and elsewhere; but few persons know how Bendigo was converted. "Bendy" had been in gaol for the 28th time, when one Sunday the gaol chaplain took his text from the conflict between David and the giant Goliath. This so impressed "Bendy" that when he reached his cell he sent for the clergyman. "Guv'nor," said he, when the parson entered his cell, "You've touched me in the right spot. Your sermon reminded me of my fight with Ben Caunt. He were a giant, and I hit him in the same spot as David hit Goliath. I should like to know more about that bloke David. He must ha' been a good 'un for a light-weight." The clergyman sat down and expounded the scripture to the astonished "Bendy." When "Bendy" used to preach he held forth thus: "After finishing my career as prize-fighter I took to drinking very heavily until I was nearly mad. I have suffered nights and days from delirium tremens through the cursed drink. I have been locked up in the House of Correction, Nottingham, 28 times for being drunk and disorderly; so after my 28th time in the House of Correction I was determined to alter my course of life. I heard that Mr. Weaver, the Converted Collier, was going to preach at the Mechanics' Hall, so I resolved to go and hear him, and see if I could not alter the life I was leading. When Mr. Weaver saw me in the body of the hall he invited me to step on to the platform, which I did, and thank God that I did." In the August of 1880 thousands of people attended poor old Bendigo's funeral in St. Mary's Cemetery, Nottingham, the crowd matching with that which followed Tom Sayers to his resting-place at Kensal Green. Bendigo was always a queer fighter, and some of his methods were not above suspicion. In the life he published of himself Bendigo described himself as the youngest of twenty-one children, and a triplet at that. Most persons used to remark that Harry Harris, the champion bantam, could not fight because he was a twin. How about Bendigo a triplet! Bendigo was not only a fighter, but he could turn a somersault, throw a stone two hundred yards, and lob a cricket ball a hundred and fifteen yards; while he once threw half a brick across the Trent (70 yards) for a wager. At cricket he beat one or two good players, and was once matched at single wicket with the great George Parr, the affair not coming off owing to Bendigo having an attack of the gout about the time fixed upon. At York he more than once took prizes in great All-England fishing matches, while he was very proud of having saved three lives from drowning in the Trent. The last was that of a young lady, and the pugilist was then in his fifty-ninth year—he died ten years later.

**PROFESSOR NEWTON WISHES TO** thank Mr. A. Drake, Mr. F. H. Watts, Mr. H. Connelly, and Mr. W. W. Smith for their financial support; also Mr. J. Goldsmid, Mr. R. Wooden, Mr. W. J. Francis, Mr. H. Beckett, Mr. A. V. Mears, Mr. E. P. Matthias, Mr. Felix Dennis, and Mr. S. Birken, who have given some handsome prizes to be competed for at the Barnsbury Boxing Club's assault-at-arms.

**IN ANSWER TO CHARLES WILSON,** Mr. T. W. Smith (Professor Newton's pupil) would be pleased to box him six or eight rounds at Professor Newton's entertainment on May 9 at Pentonville Baths. This will be a good opportunity to see who is the best man. Wilson would oblige by sending his address to Professor Newton, 55, Barnsbury Road, N.

## UNCLE SOLON'S LEGACY.

"So you have hired one of those scheming typewriter girls; why couldn't you have hired a man? You don't care one bit for my wishes, and I know just what will come of this."

"But, Louise, I do care very much for your wishes, and you know I would gladly have hired a man but for the extra expense."

"I don't care, I hate her, and I know she will make love to you—there!"

The above conversation took place in the home of Miss Louise Shannon, and with her was John Emerson, a struggling young lawyer, who had committed the rash deed referred to, and raised a storm.

He was in love with Louise, and hoped soon to be able to ask her to share a home with him. He had met her at a boatrace during his last year at college, and was immediately smitten, thereby causing his friends to wonder greatly; for what steady, practical John Emerson could find to attract him in a nature so giddy as Miss Shannon's was beyond comprehension.

She was a confirmed flirt, and when nothing better was at hand she had amused herself with John; but it would be absurd to think of him seriously; he was too poor, and she often confided to her admiring mamma that she would marry nothing less than one hundred thousand.

Only a short time before the evening mentioned a change had appeared in her attitude towards Emerson, and she had gradually become very gracious, even exhibiting signs of jealousy. What could be the reason?

John Emerson was a poor orphan; he had worked his way through college by unbounded pluck and energy. About the only relative he possessed was an aged uncle, named Solon, who was very wealthy, and also very stingy. On rare occasions he would send for John and entertain him for two hours with a grand grumble about the world in general, then dismiss him with a growl and, perhaps, a £5 note. John honestly liked the old gentleman in spite of his cranky ways, but he never mentioned him to his friends, and none of them knew of the relationship until Louise Shannon accidentally learned of it, and it may be surmised that her change of heart took place soon after the news came to her.

John Emerson's stenographer was a quiet, unassuming girl, and while not handsome, the friends of Mabel Mansfield thought her very pretty; this opinion being largely due to the pleasant word and smile which so often make up for the lack of beauty.

As the weeks went by, Emerson could not but notice what a capable and obliging assistant she was, and, without really being aware of making any comparison between her and Louise, he was conscious of Mabel's superiority in points that go to make up a true woman.

One rainy night in December Mabel had accepted her employer's kind offer of escort to the 'bus, and they had nearly reached it, when suddenly Louisa Shannon confronted them, and, with anger fairly sparkling from her eyes, she said:—

"Then it has come to this, John Emmerson. Well, this lady was seen coming out of W——'s concert hall last Thursday night, at eleven o'clock, staggering drunk."

With this broadside she disappeared, leaving Mabel with hardly enough strength to get up the car steps, while Emerson was too much dazed to speak.

The next morning John Emerson received the following letter in an envelope addressed to himself:—

"Mabel Mansfield—You shall not have Uncle Solon's money. If your parents were told of your dissipations you would probably lose a home. No further information will be given by me if you never enter Mr. Emerson's office again. Heed this warning. L. S."

Louise had written an apology to Emerson at the same time, but had mixed the envelopes, and sent it to Mabel—a very costly mistake. The apology reached him a short time after, through the medium of Mabel's small brother, together with a letter from herself explaining that illness prevented her appearance at the office, and telling him of her wayward twin sister who had brought sorrow to the family by leaving home and choosing a life of dissipation. She begged him earnestly not to believe her capable of such shameful behaviour.

John Emerson's eyes were at last opened; he could read between the lines of that letter her anxiety for his good opinion, and even more, and, seizing his hat and coat, he rushed from the office to find the girl whom he knew possessed his heart's true love.

Upon reaching the Mansfield residence he was shown into a room where Mabel sat, propped up in an easy chair, looking very white and solemn. In two steps he was at her side, never waiting to see if she was alone; but what followed we can never exactly know, as both of them have always steadily refused to make public the minutes of so sacred a meeting.

It was two months after their marriage that Mabel first learned of Uncle Solon's existence, for John had purposely kept it a secret from her. When he did tell her she said:—

'Oh, John, how glad I am that I didn't know about him during that dreadful night before you proposed."

Uncle Solon's death took place on the day that John Emerson, jr., was one year old, and it left them £50,000 richer.


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One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.
Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humour.
One to three bottles will regulate the bowels.
One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
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